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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Mayhem at Notting Hill

COLM BROGAN

A Fable

PETER CRUMPET

Some Untimely Jottings

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · FORREST DAVIS · REVILO OLIVER

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · L. BRENT BOZELL · GARRY WILLS

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Priscilla L. Buckley — Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

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For the Record

The Supreme Court's reaffirmation of its Little Rock decision will destroy the Presidential chance of Lyndon Johnson, say many Southern Democrats. Johnson saved the Court from a Senate rebuke in the closing hours of the last session of Congress. . . . Not yet publicized: The assurance French Socialist leader Guy Mollet was able to give Socialist colleagues at their recent party Congress that General de Gaulle planned an expansion of social welfare programs in France. The Socialist Congress subsequently voted to back the de Gaulle constitution.

Circulation of the Venezuelan Communist weekly newspaper Tribuna Popular has topped the 100,000 mark. . . . The Venezuelan Jesuit Monthly Sic is still (two months later) waiting to find out why no investigation was made of a report it carried that a Communist group used a Caracas public high school to paint anti-Nixon posters and plan anti-Nixon riots, and why an unidentified official in the Interior Ministry forbade Caracas newspapers to carry the story.

A suggested quote of the week from Great Britain, this excerpt from a British Labor Party handout: "Wherever personal liberty is threatened you can reckon that Labor's protests will be voiced with vigour." . . . Spain last week became a member of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund, another indication of her social acceptability.

The dope traffic now is a prime source of financing for international Communism. Police in Japan, Formosa and Thailand have coordinated efforts to crack down on the carriers of raw heroin and morphine. . . . Overseas Chinese communities, still fervently anti-Communist, are annoyed at Formosa's failure to fight back in the Quemoy-Matsu affair. . . . Just off the presses, a 172-page Black Book on Red China sponsored by the Committee of One Million (17 Park Avenue, New York). It documents the case against recognition of Red China in the UN.

A proposal — our own — to the Soviet and American experts who will meet in Geneva to work out an agreement on the prevention of surprise attacks: Submit the plan to Lloyds of London and ask it to publish insurance rates based on the record of Soviet reliability and the formula for preventing surprise attacks.

The WEEK

● Mr. Richard Rovere, who is retained by *The* [London] *Spectator* to keep its readers informed about what goes on in this country, thus illuminates the constitutional crisis caused by the Supreme Court's intervention in the educational affairs of the Southern states: "Governor Faubus, who was campaigning for reelection this summer, addressed a crowd in an Arkansas town and ranted against the President, the Supreme Court, the NAACP and just about everything else. When he had done, a great shaft of light pierced the roof of the meeting hall, and, lo, Jesus Christ appeared. He said that He was the resurrection and the life, that those who set man against man shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven, that the meek and the peacemakers are blessed. The mob was quiet while He spoke; when He finished, there was a great shout through the hall—'Nigger-lover.'" Another contribution by Mr. Rovere to the public understanding of great issues.

● Newspapers keep on printing and we keep on reading remarks attributed to certain adolescents in Little Rock and Front Royal expressing great concern over their educational futures. Well, we don't believe it. If you ask us, those same children are mad with joy. For a month they've been hoping that the Supreme Court *would* hold firm, that Governors Faubus and Almond *meant* it when they threatened to close the schools; that their parents wouldn't figure out any way to louse up the deal. And the miracle happened. The only cloud on their silver lining today is that it's too good to be true and that those insensitive grownups are going to figure out some way—too soon—to spoil the fun. That's what *we* think they think.

● A federal judge, T. Whitfield Davidson, recently ruled in Dallas, Texas, that the government has no constitutional right to attempt to restrict the amount of wheat a farmer may raise for use on his own farm as feed or seed. Pronouncing in the case of Evatts Haley Jr., who had been fined $506.11 for raising wheat in excess of his allotment to feed to his cattle, Judge Davidson said: "There is no constitutional amendment authorizing Congress to tell the farmer what to plant, what to eat, what to do or how to work. . . . I do not feel the government has made a case against this defendant. All he has violated is a rule against production. He produced something and fed it to his own livestock. The man had nothing to do with commerce." In Washington, federal officials have announced they will fight the Dallas ruling. Though Judge Davidson is obviously right in his reading of the Constitution, Farmer Daley had better keep his fingers crossed when the appeal comes before the Warren Court.

● The shoddy quality of many of the goods offered at the annual Leipzig Fair, just concluded, confirms the reports of East Germany's continuing economic difficulties, more troublesome even than the norm in Communist countries because of the stream (15,000 per month) of defectors to the West. But the Fair proved also that the political quota was, as usual, over-fulfilled. Forty-six slogans had been confidentially circulated for use by Fair officials in dealing with the visitors from abroad. Half a dozen have a particular interest as a summary of current Soviet propaganda objectives. Among them:

For the immediate suspension of nuclear tests, following the example of the Soviet Union.

For a fight against the atomic arming of West Germany.

For a non-aggression treaty between the Warsaw Pact nations and NATO.

It looks to us as if the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has got the copy for its next big ad.

● In a close, bitterly fought election for the Chilean Presidency, Señor Jorge Alessandri, the conservative candidate, won a 30,000 plurality over Salvador Allende, candidate of the Communist-dominated Popular Front. Because no one received an absolute majority, the election will go over to the legislature, but it is assumed that the unbroken tradition of naming the candidate with the largest popular vote will be followed. Señor Alessandri, a brilliant mathematician as well as a very successful industrialist, pledged himself to an economic policy that will "make sense to any businessman." In a firm declaration that would never have got by the "other-directed" blue pencils of C. D. Jackson and Tex McCrary, he blamed Chile's grave economic difficulties on "twenty years of Leftist governments." Plunging deeper into heresy, he stated: "Chile must put her house in order and not base her hopes only on foreign credits that postpone domestic remedies." As for the specific remedies, he confidently promised a cure to Chile's ailments if inflationary patent medicines were dropped in favor of the old but almost forgotten reliables: hard work, a sound program, honest administration. This is the sort of talk that no honest Liberal, let alone a Communist, will stand for. Our bet is we'll soon be reading in our papers and magazines how Chile has got herself into the grip of a fascist-minded, reactionary dictator who spends his time thinking up new tortures for democrats and labor leaders.

● Problems have beset the new Soviet campaign to appease the people by marking more materials for consumer goods. The following are news stories taken from Soviet journals: 1) "There is probably no bread anywhere in the world like the bread baked in Dniprodzherzhinsk. It has many uses. You can make figures with it, you can paste windows, you can spackle the floor. . . . Look: you find a nail in the bread, a piece of rope, a piece of wood, or even a rag. . . ."; 2) ". . . out of the 100 accordions of the 'Donbas' brand received, 72 were defective. In some instruments the left keys fall down, in some the valves flutter, in some the celluloid does not stick to the body, bellows are loose, mechanical functions are not regulated. . . ."; 3) ". . . for nine months [E. Leushko] was unable to get his daughter a pair of glasses prescribed by a doctor. This newspaper confirms the fact that it is impossible to buy glasses in Kiev, and accuses the City Council of failure to provide accommodation for a factory of optical products."

● Mr. T. Coleman Andrews, who was Commissioner of Internal Revenue until, two years ago, the knowledge of what he had become instrumental in doing drove him to resign, has written an excellent short analysis of government spending and its relation to inflation. While he was Commissioner he was much sought after for his views on fiscal matters; but having resigned, and having declared himself against redistributionism and wanton federal spending, he has found that the big magazines (to which he submitted his manuscript) quickly lost interest in him. So . . . Mr. Andrews brought out his valuable pamphlet himself. We commend it to those interested in fathoming the problem of inflation. It is yours for 25¢, from Economic Research Associates, 6 Iris Lane, Richmond 26, Virginia.

● The Congress of the Dominican Republic decided last week that the United States had been punished long enough for its refusal to graduate General Rafael Trujillo Jr., from the Army's Command and Staff School last June. It voted to reactivate the pacts under which we funnel technical and military funds to the Dominican Republic. It is not established whether under the agreement we are now prepared to ship Kim Novak to the Dominican Republic.

From Fiddles to Vicunas

Thou shalt not accept a vicuña coat from Mr. Bernard Goldfine; neither shalt thou permit him to pay thy hotel bill. Fearful commandment! Its transgression, they are telling us, has mightily moved the voters to rout the unrighteous Republicans in righteous Maine. In 1952, it was mink coats and deep freezes. In those days, there had just been disclosed a Communist penetration of government, of such scale and at such levels, that thoughtful men, reflecting simply on the fact that this could occur at all, might have been pardoned for surmising: "We are lost." At the same time, there was going on in Korea the most demoralizing of our wars.

When the voters changed horses in 1952, some of us thought: "At last we are growing up." The wise men corrected us. "It was not the disclosures or the Korean war," they said, "that swung the voters. These were contributing causes. The big factor with the mass of voters was the deep freezes and the mink coats." They produced certain polls and samplings of opinion to back up their view. Some of us suspected the wise men of cooking the books. Time and a longer look seem to say that they were right, and we were wrong. It *was* the deep freezes and the mink coats. This fall, as the guns sound over Quemoy, fashion decrees vicuña.

What is to be said of a nation to which has fallen the unique leadership of mankind in the greatest crisis of its history, when all teeters, month after month, on the brink of a disaster in which near-extinction, and the genetic degeneration of the race, is a simple probability? What is to be said of such a nation when, at such a juncture, it can waste its time on deep freezes, mink or vicuña coats? Czeslaw Milosz says (in *The Captive Mind*): "Classes condemned by the laws of history perish because their minds are paralyzed." In the vernacular, this can be

put: "We never knew what hit us." Our heads were in a deep freeze. That left our throats exposed; and it was those the enemy was at.

But perhaps the vicuña coats and the rest of it are only surface refuse, chiefly marking the drift of a deeper tide? A Swiss woman of our acquaintance, after a detached look at the United States some months ago, summed up her impression this way: *"Ça va toujours à gauche."* It spoils the casualness of the French, but perhaps the sense is best translated: "The American voter keeps moving to the Left." In other words, the social revolution, the non-violent redistribution of wealth and power, which the New Deal manifested and, somewhat haphazardly, semi-literately, semi-consciously promoted, is continuing and—if things go on as they have been—will presumably run its course. If so, the Republicans may well be remembered as a strange interlude. Of them, too, it may come to be said—and one is never more tempted to think so than after listening to Republican optimists—"They never knew what hit them."

Reuther Proves a Point

The facts, as we know them: 1) Mrs. Knowland sees a pamphlet called "Meet the Man Who Plans to Rule America," blasting her husband's (and her country's) political arch-enemy, Walter Reuther. It is written by 2) Joseph P. Kamp. Let us, for the moment, describe Mr. Kamp as the *New York Times* did—a "controversial pamphleteer." 3) Mrs. Knowland orders copies of the pamphlet, for distribution in California. Kamp gets in touch with her and volunteers to raise money with which to distribute the pamphlet widely. Mrs. Knowland encourages him to go ahead. 4) The *New York Times* breaks a strangely detailed story on the relationship between Mr. Kamp and Mr. Knowland's political campaign.

Did Mrs. Knowland know, asks a *Times* reporter, that Joe Kamp had been in jail, for refusing to give a congressional committee a list of the names of persons who had contributed to one of Mr. Kamp's organizations? (Mr. Kamp's right to refuse the information was sustained, as the *Times* did *not* mention, when fought out in *Rumely* vs. *U.S.* not long after.) And did Mrs. Knowland know that Senator Robert A. Taft had expressed himself as "particularly disgusted" by Kamp's attacks on Eisenhower? No, said Mrs. Knowland, she had never heard Joe Kamp's name before she read the Reuther pamphlet. As to the pamphlet, she thought it revealed things about Walter Reuther that Californians ought to know before signing him on as overlord by voting Pat Brown in as governor. 5) The *Times*' story published an intimate letter from Kamp to Robert Donner of Colorado, to the effect that "The Republican party

A Summit of Sorts

During the week of September 8, some two hundred economists, historians, journalists, social scientists and industrialists met at the Princeton Graduate School. They came from all over the world to discuss problems that have arisen from the urge for political intervention in the affairs of mankind. They discussed this phenomenon as physicians in consultation would discuss the pathological condition of a patient, calmly, deliberately and extensively, in order to find causes, diagnose, and suggest therapy.

The meeting was the ninth held by the Mont Pélérin Society, the brain-child of its president, Professor F. A. Hayek, author of *The Road to Serfdom.* The fifty-odd charter members, mainly professors, agreed in 1947 that the Society would confine itself to working out a basic doctrine for liberalism (meaning Old World liberalism, or the doctrine of governmental non-intervention in the economy), and to "analyze the different forces within political parties with a view to finding a way out of the ideological chaos." Study, analysis and the exchange of ideas are the sole activities of the Society.

Ludwig von Mises, the eminent proponent of the free-market economy, and doyen of the Society, supports its monasticism on the confident assumption that ideas seep down from the intellectuals to the non-academic elements of society, and thus take root. When the intellectuals become convinced that socialism is unable to bring about the "good society," he holds, they will bring the masses along. This is the opposite of the "grass roots" approach to reform. Dr. Albert Hunold, of Zurich, Switzerland, the secretary of the Society, proudly tells in his report of a tangible consequence of its deliberations. He stresses the fact that two of its members, Erdsieck Euken of Germany and Wilhelm Roepke of Switzerland, were the "chief architects of the liberal market economy introduced (in Germany) by Professor Ludwig Erhard, who is also a member of the Mont Pélérin Society."

In the field of politics a slight difference of opinion arose between a few Europeans and the Americans. The Americans vigorously opposed all welfarism on the ground that such activity was not a proper function of government, resting their case on the doctrine of natural rights, while several Europeans maintained that a "minimum" amount of welfarism was permissible. One journalist explained that "European history" does not permit them to go all the way with American advocates of limited government.

Those who want to know more about the Society's work should write to Dr. Albert Hunold, at Muenstergasse 9, Zurich, Switzerland.

FRANK CHODOROV

isn't so choosey about getting help from Joe Kamp . . . these days . . . The anti-Semitic smear just isn't working any more . . ."

6) The *Times* revealed, further, that a spate of prominent businessmen and politicians were underwriting the distribution of the Kamp pamphlet. Among them, Mr. W. K. Whiteford, president of Gulf Oil; Mr. Richard M. Simpson, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee; Mr. Charles White, chairman of the board of Republic Steel; and Mr. Pierre du Pont, a director of E. I. du Pont. Of the four Mr. White showed most fortitude by saying, "I am distressed that the *New York Times* has got down to the point at which it pries into the private contributions of various individuals. There is nothing wrong in what I have done and I see no reason to say anything about it."

The above facts strike us as run-of-the-mill, the common currency of a rough political campaign. The attempt is definitely there to smear Senator Knowland and his cause by imputing to him and it whatever base things it has become possible to evoke, after years of practice, by the mere mention of the name of Kamp. What becomes more and more astonishing is the *Times*' power—to learn, *e.g.*, the identity of contributors to a private organization, and to get hold of a copy of a private letter. Someone will have to explain to us, some day, the moral difference between stealing other people's correspondence, and tapping their telephones. (Or is it as simple as that the *New York Times* is obviously entitled to do, in the national interest, things forbidden to the FBI?) And why Joe Kamp is a villain, and Arthur Miller a hero, for refusing to disclose names to a congressional committee.

The salient feature of the controversy, it seems to us, is the comment by Walter Reuther on the whole business. Kamp as pamphleteer is a provocative enemy, to be sure. But Reuther's primitive blast is the truest measure we have seen of the character of the man America has to deal with. Said Reuther to the *Times*:

"Mr. Joseph Kamp is a convicted hatemonger [what is the statute having to do with hatemongering?] who went to prison because of his un-American activities [Mr. Reuther does not use such language to describe the activities of Fifth-Amendment Communists]. I read with considerable interest the sad fact that prominent American industrialists are financing and promoting the efforts of America's most notorious peddler of hate and slander. It is most unfortunate that these industrialists have learned nothing from the tragic experience of Fritz Thyssen and other German industrialists who financed Hitler's campaign of hatred."

It is all there—"hatred," "fascism," "un-Americanism," "Hitler"—Knowland.

We do not happen to go for Kamp's mode of argument (and we have not studied his career). But here is what he said about Reuther, summing up, in his pamphlet: "[Reuther] is smart, smug, arrogant, . . . bold, shrewd, foul-mouthed . . . a vile purveyor of vicious slander . . . ruthless, reckless, lawless . . ." Walter Reuther proved Joe Kamp's case.

Ebb or Flood?

When a tide is beginning to turn, one cannot be quite sure which way the waters are running—or even that the hour for the turn has come at all.

Just where are the waters moving in this matter of the willingness of businessmen to fight for their own system? The *Wall Street Journal* reports that Ohio corporations are singularly apathetic about a state referendum on the right-to-work issue; indeed, the *Journal* has discovered more right-to-work sentiment among Ohio workers than among Ohio employers. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, businessmen seem to be waking up to their responsibilities for preserving their world. Not so long ago Admiral Ben Moreell of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. announced the formation in Pittsburgh of what promises to be a conservative counter-organization to the leftist Americans for Democratic Action. And now comes a statement out of Pittsburgh from Archie D. Gray, senior vice president of Gulf Oil, that his company is about to enter practical politics in a positive way by making a "continuous study of the official behavior of elected officials." The Gulf Oil Co., says Mr. Gray, will try to affect the elections this fall.

Hopeful, NATIONAL REVIEW applauds Mr. Gray for his courage in saying that "Gulf and every other American corporation is in politics, up to its ears in politics, whether we want it to be there or not. We must either start swimming or drown . . ." But it remains to be seen whether Ohio or Pennsylvania represents the true trend of the tide.

Home Again, Home Again

Gone from the Avenue of the Insurgents is the patter of certain busy feet. The street is in Mexico City, and the feet belong to Communists, fleeing a dozen regimes, who long ago made the capital of Mexico the unofficial Communist capital of North America. For years, surreptitious Spaniards, Germans, Poles, Yugoslavs, etc., have thronged there, cozily plotting subversion among the bougainvilleas, or making life uneasy for those they disapprove. (Trotsky's widow,

Some Untimely Jottings

With millions of other TV-viewers, I watched the President give his UN address on Arab slum clearance; a well-organized speech, and rather gallantly delivered, besides—only, almost wholly irrelevant. The rate at which things are moving is glimpsed in the fact that nothing whatever had been settled about the crisis in the Middle East, before we put it largely out of mind in favor of the current crisis in the Far East, which had overtaken it. Later, Mr. Eisenhower gave us his views on that one.

Groping for the sense behind the President's words, I came up with nothing better than: didn't say he would, didn't say he wouldn't. Since the speech was beamed to Moscow and Peking, quite as much as to you and me, this, I presume, was exactly the effect intended: keep them guessing. Alas, they are rather good at guessing. Besides, they know the secret in the daisy, the secret in each crisis. Seldom has a secret been less of a riddle. The rhetorical issues in each crisis are almost never the point. Neither the freedom of the Lebanon nor the title deeds to Quemoy is the point. In each crisis, there is only one point to be settled, and it is always the same point: whether or not the West has resolved at last to stop the Communist advance in the only way it can be stopped: by a decision to make war at need.

Of course such war, at this stage of stalemated history, could only be in the nature of an adventure. Doubtless there are those, on both sides, who are impatient to end the intolerable stalemate by risking the adventure. But, since the consequences to both sides are foreseeably apocalyptic, it seems unlikely that the adventurers will have their way. For nobody needs to guess about the thermonuclear consequences.

It is this that leaves the veteran guessers in Moscow and Peking free to guess (like the President) that there will be no world war over Quemoy. Hence the wrenching pathos which is what I, for one, chiefly carried away from both the President's addresses, namely: a sense that he and his advisers, doing the very best they know how, could still, in effect, do so little. Never imagine that their plausible critics could do more. Those critics might do it all somewhat differently. That is to say—unless they, too, had taken firmly the frightful decision for war at need—they might conduct the alternative retreat more gracefully, trippingly, wittily in the style of the Adlai-an adlib. It is unlikely that they could accomplish anything more effective in a situation whose extremity is defined by its two alternatives: fight or retreat. That is the only secret in the daisy.

If this is true, but there is to be no war—what then? Mercifully, I am not required to guess.

But I should like to stick my neck out interspatially by guessing about something else, lest, one of these months, we suffer another Sputnik-type alarm at the expectable. I should like to guess that the Russians are fairly content to leave to us the vast cost and effort of shooting the moon. Instead, I should guess that the Russians are investing every available resource of mind, material, money, in getting men into space and back again, alive. Like the rest of us, they have heard that whoever first learns to commute to and from space, and to man something or other up there, will presumably control space, and much else besides.

War on the scale of the worlds, annihilation, space and its command, a visible nearness to the brink of unheard-of disaster. We know that it is scarcely farther away than an initiating impulse in the whorls of a brain responsible for ordering a responsible hand to push a button, and so set in motion the marvelous mechanisms for inflicting or resisting chaos. We are continually told about it. We listen, and in part believe. In larger part, the reality passes us by; it passes our imagination. Too big. Too big truly to grasp. One day, a meaning of it comes home in a form we can grasp—the distress of a single human creature and his reflections on it. A friend writes: "Up at 5 a.m. today to get some hot coffee into my son and drive him to his draft board in time (for the Army vehicle which was picking up the quota). If the time should ever come (as I pray it never will), when you have to take this journey with your son, I think you will consider with a quite new urgency what Jaspers meant in writing: 'Quietly, something enormous has happened in the reality of Western man: a destruction of all authority, a radical disillusionment in an over-confident reason, and a dissolution of bonds that makes anything, absolutely anything, seem possible. . . . Philosophizing, to be authentic, must grow out of our new reality, and there take its stand.'"

"Quietly, something enormous has happened in the reality of Western man." I am constantly baffled because so few seem to grasp this enormity of our situation, which is defined by the certainty that there is no way out of it that can possibly be simple, easy, familiar, usual, in terms of anything we have known before. Whether the resolution of our total crisis is to be unimaginably violent, or what, at this moment, seems even less imaginable, a massive peaceful settlement, what comes next can only be tremendous. We are visibly at a point of change, a turning point, which has not its like in history. Henceforth, peace implies consequences almost as staggering as war.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

for example, fearing poison, still retains someone to taste her food before she dares eat it.) Now and again, the old-timers have welcomed later fugitives—Guatemalan Communists, fleeing Castillo Armas; American Communists, dodging the FBI or too-prying congressional committees. Mexico's natural and official climate seemed ideal for any political vagrant who packed a Party card. The official climate has changed. Recent riots, in which Mexico University students prankishly lit up their campus with some $200 thousand worth of burning municipal buses, also turned the government's attention to its alien Leftists. Overnight, it began rushing them out of the country.

The Mexican government is to be congratulated. And, surely, the Communists should not mind. Subversion may seem more immediate on the Avenue of the Insurgents than on Union Square. But, if you really love your work, you will be happy in it anywhere. The displaced Communists should soon be happily busied among us here at home. As Wordsworth (that old ex-revolutionist) remarked, though with something rather different in mind: "The form remains; the function never dies."

. . . When Half-Gods Go

Mr. Arthur Larson is gone, and we regret his passing. He is a gentleman and a scholar; and, searching after *his* principle, worked harder than Archimedes. Some say he found it, though not (so far as we know) in a bathtub. In any case, he wrote a book, *A Republican Looks at His Party*, setting forth the "principles" of Modern Republicanism. If, after reading the book, you still fail to discover those principles, blame not Arthur Larson. Few men could have labored so ingeniously, with more skill, or passion, to describe the loveliness of their paper doll. The fact of the matter is, modern Republicans are—*as a matter of principle—against* principle; so that Arthur Larson was bound to fail.

As would his successor if he pursued the search. But Professor Malcolm C. Moos is less worried about the theory of things than Larson, and is not likely to spend much time worrying about the incoherence of his new master. Mr. Moos wrote a textbook eight years ago, called *A Grammar of American Politics*. No one reading it would ever have guessed that some day the words coming out of the Presidential mouth of a *Republican* would be ghost-written by Malcolm Moos. *Grammar* has instructed thousands of college freshmen on how to accommodate to the facts of the brave new world; how to get away from the "Constitution worship" that held us back for so many years; how to understand the necessity for the vastly expanded powers of the Executive; how Hamilton would have looked with favor on the accretions to Executive power in the Administrations of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman; how Coolidge was "obsessed with an obstinate faith in an outmoded economic [and] social ideology" whereas FDR was "a crusader for the good life" and worked toward the end of "increasing the social services of government"; how one must free oneself from "dogma" in viewing the new distribution of government powers; how the Taft-Hartley Law violated the "prerogatives of labor"; how necessary it is to license in the interest of a viable foreign policy the use of sweeping Executive Agreements, of the kind invented by Roosevelt and Truman.

In a word, Mr. Moos is on record as disposed, in his new job as speechwriter for Mr. Eisenhower, to praise with genuine sincerity the record of Mr. Eisenhower's Administration.

Muddle No More

Advocates of the planned economy in England are sheepish when the town of Rowley Regis in Staffordshire is mentioned, since the London *Express* made known the rules under which shops owned by the socialist-controlled local authority operate. The fishmonger, for instance, may sell fresh—but not canned—fish; the butcher, meat—*except* bacon; the newspaper-stand, combs—if they do not have leather cases; and, while the grocery can't sell butter, the hardware store may.

The statists seek comfort from the excuse that planning must be national in scope to get the benefit of the country's best brains. Shortly after the Rowley Regis series in the London *Express*, Parliament's Public Accounts Committee published its report: that is, its annual testimonial to national planning. By some miscalculation, the cost of guaranteeing a profit to egg-packers proved three and a half times what was estimated, and the subsidy to the British milk industry was $5,000,000 off, more or less. The report disclosed that the Admiralty had signed a fifty year lease at $12,000 a year on a factory to produce an anti-fouling solution for boat bottoms; and, finding the factory unnecessary within a year, cannily rented it to a private firm for almost $6,000. Meanwhile, the Army bought 300,000 pairs of boots to join the 700,000 pairs currently being sold as surplus to civilians. Gallantly, it ordered 300,000 half-soles in case the unworn boots should wear out. Which would seem to leave nothing much to plan but planning itself.

Please note, this is a 32-page issue, as will be alternate issues from now on. And watch for the *National Review Bulletin* you will be receiving next week!

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Integration Struggle—Second Stage

The first stage of the South's resistance to compulsory school integration ended last week. In this initial stage, during which the chief battles were fought in Arkansas and Virginia, the question was: Can community opposition, expressed on the social level, justify postponement of integration? The Supreme Court said no, and thus, in effect, instructed inferior federal courts in future cases to say no. True, the Court ruled only on the Little Rock case; and the reasoning behind the ruling has yet to be stated. But Little Rock involved a situation where violence and school disruption had actually occurred and had been acknowledged in the opinions of the lower courts: *a fortiori*, such conditions would not be considered sufficient cause for a stay where they were merely prospective, as in Virginia. This, in any event, was the interpretation cast on the decision by the Governor of Virginia, who, in sychronization with the Governor of Arkansas, quickly drew up the South's forces along a new line of defense.

The second stage of the struggle will be fought over the question: Can state legislation prevent integration of the schools? It will end when the Supreme Court rules that any state law is unconstitutional which *has the effect* of barring Negroes from white schools because of their race. The strategy of Southern leaders during this second stage will be to draw it out as long as possible.

Thus, the decision in both Arkansas and Virginia to test school-closing laws in the state courts. The reason for selecting state courts is, in part, the one frequently suggested in the daily press: to prevent immediate federal injunctions against enforcement of the laws—orders that would probably be upheld with minimum delay by the Supreme Court. (Though federal suits can be filed simultaneously, the federal practice in most circumstances is to defer action on matters over which state courts have already assumed jurisdiction.) Just as important, however, is the South's desire to postpone a court decision on the ultimate *federal* question which the school-closing laws raise: Do they conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment as construed by the Supreme Court?

Arkansas and Virginia Suits

In the Arkansas suit—which was inspired, one may safely assume, by the Faubus administration—the plaintiff challenges school closing on the ground that it violates the *Arkansas* constitution (a provision requiring free public education). The Virginia suit is set up somewhat differently. Governor Almond's administration arranged for the State Comptroller to refuse to pay tuition grants to students transferring to private or non-integrated public schools on the ground that the school-closing legislation authorizing such grants is "illegal." Thereupon, the State Attorney General, on behalf of Virginia, sued the Comptroller. While the Comptroller has not, at this writing, filed his pleadings, a press release from the Attorney General makes it plain that both sides wish to keep the federal question out of the case as long as they can.

At best, however, the South hopes for a delay on this point. A number of procedural moves are available to the NAACP and the Justice Department for getting a hearing on the federal issue in either federal or state courts. Thus, the U.S. Supreme Court may get the opportunity, in fairly short order, of striking down a school-closing law as repugnant to the federal constitution.

No one, incidentally, should doubt that the Court *will* strike down such laws. To the argument that "the Court certainly cannot forbid the states to shut down their own schools," the clear answer of all the judicial precedents is that any official state act that causes a forbidden discrimination—in this case, separate schools—is a denial of equal protection.

The real question is whether the Court will dispose of the first case to reach it in such fashion as to invalidate all state laws of similar consequence. If the Court confines itself to finding fault with the particular law before it—on the ground, *e.g.*, that the *purpose* of the law is to discriminate—the Southern states would proceed to run all of their laws through the judicial mill, seeking an individual test of each; and this second stage of the integration struggle would go on and on. More likely the Court will rule, simply, that because the law in question *results* in discrimination, it is invalid. Lower courts, state and federal, would thenceforth be obliged to strike down any law aimed at keeping schools segregated, and the Supreme Court would probably bar further appeals.

The third stage of the struggle will find the South deciding which of two institutions it prizes the more, segregation or its public school system. For while the Supreme Court can invalidate school-closing laws, there is not much it can do by way of forcing the schools to reopen. Concretely, there is no way the Court can force state legislatures or county or municipal governments to appropriate money for public schools. With "massive resistance" broken at the state level, the South, in all likelihood, will fall back on a system of local option. And the chances are exceedingly good that many Southern communities will turn to private schools rather than integrate.

Such are the prospects if the school-integration program proceeds under the direction of the body that David Lawrence calls the "Supreme Superintendent of Schools." And let us add two other predictions. That should the Court remain at the helm, stage three, and probably stage two, would not pass without incidents—the kind that would cheat Little Rock many times over of its current niche in American history. Finally, that the above prognosis will *not* be borne out in the event; that the nation's political departments, in line with the views recently set forth in this column, will be forced, at last, to intervene.

Mayhem at Notting Hill

During the London race riots, "the respectable people of Notting Hill were on the side of the hooligans." A prominent journalist tells why

COLM BROGAN

"So a nigger got chivved. What's all the fuss about?"

These were the charming words of a young Londoner who had just been arrested for applying his razor to the face of a Negro he had never seen before.

They set the tone of part, but only part, of the race rioting which has shaken English liberalism to the depths of what it has in place of a soul. In fairness to the Liberals it must be said that they were genuinely shocked and, in fairness again, the newspapers that were loudest in their condemnation of Little Rock were also loudest in their penitential talk of motes and beams. In fact, they overdid the breast beating, for Little Rock and Notting Hill are by no means comparable. In Little Rock the forces of the law were used to bar Negro children from a school, and in Notting Hill the forces of the law were used to protect the colored population. On the other hand, it is hardly likely that a Negro in Little Rock would have a milk bottle filled with petrol flung through his window for no other reason than the fact that he exists.

The English race riots are profoundly interesting for they are the product of two things—the welfare state and racial inequality. The welfare state has produced quite large numbers of dull-witted youngsters who have never had to make an effort or take a risk of any kind in their pampered lives. They have never had any discipline at home and often little enough at school. They have more money and leisure than they know what to do with and they have no resources in their empty heads. Their indifference to religion is total for though they learned nothing at school they heard of some things. They have heard of Science and so they can say, "I don't dig all that Adam and Eve stuff." End of argument. *Darwin locuta est.* The burden of their lives is boredom and they seek to escape from it by indulging their sexual lusts with the most squalid and ungracious promiscuity. The more vicious of them indulge in the even more thrilling lust of violence when the pretext and occasion offer. These were the storm troopers of Notting Hill. They don't care in the least about the color of a man's face. All they want is a face to kick.

The Liberal Reversal

Needless to say, the Liberals would not dream of admitting that the welfare state had anything to do with the formation of such character. A distinguished psychologist who made an acute analysis in the *Times* actually mentioned the demoralizing influence of the welfare state, though he stepped back hastily in the next sentence; but the representative progressive, while he might admit that all is not perfect in the welfare state, would certainly say that what is needed is more welfare. The Liberals have eagerly seized on the element of pure hooliganism and tried to spread it over the whole picture. They have even done a somersault in their views on punishment. Liberals are strongly opposed to stiff, retributive sentences, for they maintain that the first and almost the only purpose of court sentences is reform. Retribution is barbaric and deterrence does not deter. If a young savage bashes an old woman for profit or for pure pleasure, someone is quite certain to say that he never had a chance. "It is Society that should be in the dock and Society is all of us," is the unvarying rubric.

But racial equality is just as sacred a tenet as enlightened penology. More so, in fact, for the Liberals are now loud in their demand for stiff sentences on the race rioters. Their sacred oracle, the *New Statesman,* piously declared that this was one of the few cases where punishment really did deter. From which it appears to follow that if a thug hits an old woman, Society must be severely reprimanded, but if he hits a young Negro who is hitting back he must be slapped down.

This might be funny enough if the sudden Liberal eagerness for sharp punishment did not blind most of them to the grimmest fact of the situation. The fact is this. The great majority of the respectable people of Notting Hill were on the side of the hooligans. Notting Hill is a curious district, a between-tides district. It is a district where the desperately respectable upper working class rubs shoulders with the desperately genteel lower middle class, and both live on the verge of the *Lumpenproletariat.* Even though most of them live in old and shabby terrace houses, they would dearly like to live elsewhere. This they indicate by spotless lace curtains, polished brass and scrubbed doorsteps. But it is not enough for the housewife that her own house is neat and clean. She is affronted if all the houses in the terrace are not the same.

Now it happens that a fair number of the colored immigrants are not neat and a number are not even clean. In an old and grimy working-class district there is a very real sense in which cleanliness is next to godliness, for cleanliness implies an endless struggle against adverse circumstances; it is a test of character. By that standard the Jamaican who is dirty or careless is condemned as a moral failure.

But the English who attach such importance to cleanliness and good order attach at least equal importance to peace and quiet and privacy. It is not possible in any intelligent view

to blame the immigrants because they have not much liking for privacy but a lot of liking for exuberant noise. But it is unintelligent to expect an intelligent view in Notting Hill, especially among the women. Mothers had been driven to the verge of breakdown by the strain of trying to pacify screaming children who could not sleep because of the infernal noise coming from an all-night calypso party next door or in the flat above, night after night. The inquirers who rushed to the field of battle heard the same response from woman after woman, often in the same words. "I don't approve of the Teddy Boys but they did more for us in four days than the police did in four years. We can sleep now." The men gruffly agreed. These were the men who lifted no finger to help the police, even when sadistic thugs were attacking perfectly innocent immigrants. Some of these were the men who joined in the attacks, perfectly mature and responsible men. But their targets were not indiscriminate. They were out to "get" certain immigrants whose manners and morals had outraged them for years.

Background for Race Hatred

I understand that Americans who know England well are astonished and dismayed to find that an outbreak of pure race hatred could occur among people of such amiable and quiet-going ways. I share their dismay but not their astonishment. For a number of years I have taken time off to nose around the racially mixed quarters of various English cities and I have long taken it for granted that if there was any country where race fever would flare up provided the number of antibodies was sufficient, that country was England. After all, the American working class have such a fantastically mixed racial background that some degree of acceptance of differences of moods and morals has been drawn in unconsciously with their mothers' mixed milk. Also, Americans are inclined to favor an open kind of life, while the English are an enclosed order. The English objection to an open kind of life is literal as well as metaphorical. A Jamaican, a Barbadian or a Nigerian, bred in a hot climate, will instinctively throw wide open his doors and windows on a warm day, but to his English neighbors this comes near to indecent exposure. To an American this may be as hard to understand as to a Jamaican, but you may accept (or reject) my assurance that it is true. It is the fundamental reason why Joe McCarthy never had a chance of a fair hearing in England where it is thought objectionable to wash even clean linen in public.

But race hatred did not emerge merely because of different customs which are morally neutral in themselves. The discovery that the Negroes did not have a single friend in Notting Hill was one that the Liberals found very hard to take, and they have tried quite desperately to explain it away as the product of ignorance, inherited prejudice and economic circumstances. These factors certainly played their part. The Negroes are sorely pressed to find any sort of accommodation largely because there is a silent but very effective color bar which denies them accommodation in nearly all the pleasant districts. As a result they crowd in wherever they can.

However, economic and social difficulties are not the whole story, as the Liberals would like to believe. Not even the most progressive of progressives can deny that there is a West Indian tradition of quite casual promiscuity. When that tradition is transplanted to an area where there is a somewhat puritanical tradition, there is bound to be trouble. The behavior of a number of white girls with the immigrants is sufficient evidence that there is plenty of native promiscuity, but the West Indian pursuing his lighthearted amours is cheerfully open about it. He is totally unaware of the need for some salutary hypocrisy, and his lack of discretion often looks like an insolent flaunting of his conquest of a white woman.

This in itself is enough to stir anger, but the really savage rage is provoked by the Negroes who live luxuriously on the immoral earnings of their paramours. A very intelligent West Indian who is doing well in a car hire business said "I can't blame the English for getting mad." He pointed across the street. "Three houses over there were broken up last night. Why? There's a Negro in every one of them who puts his wife on the streets every night."

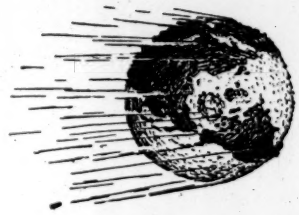
At the height of the troubles a white woman burst out into the street. She told the story of her daughter who had married a Negro, been corrupted by him into prostitution, and convicted of soliciting. "I never look at her," said the mother, "but just think of your own flesh and blood becoming nothing but a dirty paragraph in the Sunday papers." An Englishwoman's anguish must be deep before she will utter such a cry in public.

The Liberals maintain that there are proportionately no more Negro pimps than white. This is not true, but even if it were it would hardly affect the issue. For it is the inexplicit feeling of the average Englishman that a white pimp degrades one white woman; a black one degrades white womanhood.

Yet the Liberals remain stubbornly blind to the facts, as one striking example goes to show. The reporter who covered Notting Hill for the *Manchester Guardian* left no doubt that the Negro share in the local vice was quite disproportionate. He told of one girl who tried to deny that she worked as a prostitute for her Negro master, but whose head was cut and arms badly bruised. The reporter followed the Negro who drove the girl in his car to Bayswater Road and left her to get on with her work. A woman correspondent complained to the *Guardian* that the article (which was purely factual) was bound to stir up racial trouble. How did the reporter know that the girl was not selling herself voluntarily? (Presumably she had cut her own head and bashed her own body.)

There can be no doubt that the amount of sexual vice practiced by Negroes is grossly exaggerated in inflamed minds, but it would be surprising indeed if it were not more than normal, remembering their background and tradition. The chaplain of a large prison once told me that the Negro prisoners often could not comprehend why they were in prison at all; the crimes for which they were convicted carried no moral disgrace in their own eyes. The drug traffic is also grossly exaggerated, and all this is extremely unfair to the amiable and respectable immigrants

(*Continued on p.* 210)



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Quemoy Contradiction

. . . Iran, Greece, Berlin, China, Korea, Vietnam, Guatemala, Hungary, Syria, Cuba, Indonesia, Algeria, Lebanon, Iraq, Quemoy . . . History is crowding the successive crises more closely along the strands of its globe-encircling necklace.

In color and quality each separate crisis differs from the others, but they are identical in substance. The response of most of the customers is an unchanging automatic reflex of their fixed ideas: just leave a blank for the place name, and the same editorial could be printed every time, the same recording could do for every speech. The Softs say: "Negotiate, concede, give way!" The Hards—the few who can make themselves heard—say: "Resist!"

So with Quemoy. Day by day the appeasing chorus swells. There is really no need for Peiping and Moscow to pump out propaganda, because our Softs are saturating the communications channels with the Communist arguments and slogans. Communist China is geographically, historically and morally entitled to Quemoy and its adjoining islets. How would we like to have the Russians on Long Island? Why should we pull Chiang's chestnuts from the fire? If we fight for Quemoy, our friends and allies will desert us. Action at Quemoy will inevitably spread to general war. Quemoy is not worth a single American life. Besides, we will be licked if we start fighting. And so on.

Dean Acheson Rides Again

You will find the whole case of the Softs ably summarized in the September 6 brief drawn by the precise hand of Dean Acheson, under whose diplomatic guidance as U.S. Secretary of State the Chinese Communists triumphed on the mainland. Mr. Acheson evidently feels that his policy remains short of fulfillment while Formosa and the offshore islands are subject to what his aides used to call "Chinese feudalism."

Mr. Acheson's appeasement prescription has been underwritten by many of the most prominent spokesmen of his Democratic Party.

But it would be incorrect to dismiss as symptoms of appeasement all doubts about the defense of Quemoy. In both Europe and this country there is also an honest questioning by sober analysts who find themselves more puzzled than informed by the declarations of the President and Mr. Dulles. In this as in nearly every other crisis since the cold war began in 1947, these anaylsts sense a confusing contradiction in the American position.

What the Map Says

Let us look—as we always should in these matters—at the map. We see at once the critical importance of Formosa. Formosa is a key link in our western frontier, which runs from the Aleutians down the Japanese islands, the Ryukyus (Okinawa) and Formosa, to the Philippines. Formosa is so located as to command China's (and eastern Siberia's) vulnerable and all-important north-south communications, both by water and (through the use of airpower) by land. With Formosa in enemy hands, it becomes (as in 1941) a base directed against the Philippines; and so gaping a hole is opened that the entire line might have to be swung back to Hawaii.

Even apart from the confirming political considerations, therefore, there is no strategic doubt about the desirability of keeping Formosa in friendly hands.

Now Quemoy (with the lesser islands) is a convenience in defending Formosa. It permits advance intelligence (by radar, direct observation of the coast, and probing raids), and can harass and delay naval concentrations. Moreover, in spite of defeatist whines, we can hold Quemoy for the present if we make the effort (*e.g.*, by bombing the adjacent air fields and gun emplacements).

Nevertheless, Quemoy makes much more sense for an offensive strategy—offensive at least in long-term perspective. The cost that the Communists can make us pay for holding it seems hardly worth while—*if the purpose is purely defensive.*

Policy Contradicts Strategy

There is thus a contradiction between the offensive implications of U.S. military strategy (holding Quemoy) and the defensive principles of U.S. international policy. If there is serious fighting for Quemoy, our friends and allies see themselves asked to accept the risk of general war and the certainty of plenty of trouble, to no intelligible purpose.

This same contradiction lies back of every major operation since 1946. The Radio Free Europe broadcasts, fighting for South Korea (which, like Quemoy and not like Formosa, is an offensive position), flying the airlift into Berlin, sending submarines under the Arctic ice to the edge of the Soviet land mass, propagandizing about "liberation," placing an embargo on trade with the Soviet sphere—these moves are all offensive in their strategic implications, but carried out within the structure of a defensive policy. This is why they seem to many honest friends—as the Quemoy action seems today—to be erratic provocation rather than responsible conduct.

This contradiction expresses the fact that we as a nation have not come to a decision. We put a heavy burden on our friends and allies. For twelve years we have been asking them to wait around while we make up our mind. It is not true (in spite of surface appearance) that they reject all bold action. Whenever we have seemed to move boldly (as in Greece, Berlin, Korea, Lebanon) our stock has quickly gone up. But there is no point in taking the risks of bold action unless it is leading somewhere. We will assure the collaboration of friends and allies, not by following Dean Acheson's advice to capitulate to their sense of their own weakness, but by showing them that we know where we are going.

Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

English Politicos Mutter Through

In British political life, this is conference season again. The Trade Union Congress has just completed its annual meeting and the commentators are girding their loins for the conferences of the Liberal, Labor and Conservative Parties, one after the other.

The scene has changed remarkably since last conference season, and the conferrers are finding difficulty in adjusting themselves to the change. The trade unionists still seem to have their eyes hypnotically fixed on the General Strike of 1926 and the depression of the thirties. The voice of the TUC has grown very powerful since then, strong enough to rattle the doors of Downing Street; but unfortunately it has nothing to say.

During the past few weeks, the whole financial picture has turned upside down. The Government lowered the Bank Rate and ended the "credit squeeze"; all the banks started competing with one another and with the hire-purchase firms to lend money without security and at lower rates of interest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied that this was inflationary, while the soberer economists watched with some alarm.

But the TUC cared for none of these things. It carried ponderously on, blaming the Government for unemployment (of which there's very little) and voting against any form of wage restraint. It called in a rather perfunctory way for wholesale nationalization and vigorously condemned the second report of the Cohen Committee on Production, Prices and Wages because the Committee had said that even this year's reduced level of wage increases—3½ per cent—was inflationary and should be checked. The TUC is rumored to be withholding a report from its own economic section because the conclusions bear an uncomfortable resemblance to those of the Cohen Committee. The unions are still basically uninterested in inflation: they are quite prepared to accept it as the price of maintaining the present condition of full or overfull employment, though they are of course determined that their own members should be protected from the consequences by automatic wage rises at somebody else's expense.

The only subject which generated a little heat was Communist penetration of the unions, especially the electricians' union. But the tradition of individual union autonomy was too strong. The TUC did nothing but talk, and that not for very long.

Liberal and Labor Tactics

Though the froth may be colored pink and blue, the Party conferences are likely to be more concerned with tactics than principle.

The Liberals, who kick off, are in a sad way again. Their celebrated revival seems to have been as brief as the mayfly's summer outing. The Party desperately needs funds to do any sort of mass campaigning at all. The resolutions on the agenda seem well-intentioned but unrealistic. There is one, for instance, which calls for a reasoned examination of nuclear policy and another which reaffirms the Party's belief in free trade. But the successes which Liberal candidates enjoyed earlier this year were founded on a call for unilateral nuclear disarmament and promises in Manchester of protection for the cotton industry and in the West Country of more subsidies for agriculture.

The 428 resolutions on the Labor Party's agenda make more depressing but more earthy reading. They condemn the Cohen report, demand a "socialist investment policy" and call for more trade with Communist countries; they are worried about "tax evasion" and want to see higher income taxes but fewer indirect taxes; with one voice (and forty-one resolutions) they insist on nuclear disarmament; they urge the next Labor Government to abolish the public schools ("the premises could then be used for some useful social purpose") and the House of Lords ("commonly known as the House of Blunderers"); they want higher wages, shorter working hours and a lower cost of living.

But before any of these things can come about, there must first be a Labor victory at the polls and that seems much less likely than it did a few months ago. The Labor Party is faced with a dilemma. Socialism is the only thing it has to sell, and socialism obviously hasn't much pulling power in Britain at the moment. People are too prosperous. When they do vote Labor, it's mostly out of habit or dislike of something the Government has done. So which way should the Labor Party go? Should it water down its policies still further or should it hot them up in an effort to rouse some enthusiasm? The current idea is that Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan, reunited and statesmanlike, can somehow join these two incompatible policies in one team. But they are certainly worried men.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, are apt to be over-optimistic, suffering from a rush of public opinion polls to the head. They feel that they have endured through the heat of the day and everything in the garden will now be lovely; which is a dangerous attitude, for it would take very little to set those popularity ratings curving downward again. Some of the more sophisticated Conservatives are even shaking their heads and saying that a period in opposition would have been good for the Party; which seems to me an immoral attitude, for a period of Labor Government would certainly not be good for the country. But it must be remembered that there are many influential left-wing Tories whose views are not so different from those of the right-wing Socialists.

Through it all, Mr. Macmillan wears his new-found reputation as easily as his old cardigan. He is not to be rushed or panicked. Whatever else may be said of him, he is certainly the most intelligent Prime Minister this country has had for a very long time. The Socialists may feel jittery and the Tories intoxicated, but Mr. Macmillan will announce a General Election when he personally judges the time ripe and not before.

A Fable

Clearly the President of the United States had gone crazy; he had promised a new and dynamic foreign policy and he had come up with . . .

PETER CRUMPET

The message was handed to Ambassador Ronald Hagan at breakfast. He signed the receipt, broke the seal and read it.

Putting the paper down on the table, beside his plate, he grasped both arms of his chair and mumbled,

"My God. He has lost his senses."

"Who's lost his senses, dear?" asked his wife, who was interested in all such things.

The Ambassador regarded her with mouth sprung open.

"Dear," she repeated, "who's lost his senses?"

He swallowed. "The President."

The Ambassador rose and strode out of the room, leaving his wife to her shrunken heads, collected while at their last post in Peru, with which she habitually played at the breakfast table. He ordered coat, hat, cane and Cadillac, and left immediately for the residence of the Prime Minister of France. There he delivered the message.

The Prime Minister got up from his desk, went trance-like to the window, and poked his head out to see if the sun was still there. It was. He returned to his desk and said, *"What!"*

Ambassador Hagan repeated the message.

The Prime Minister refused to allow himself the luxury of screaming. He stated simply:

"The man is crazee. One never *heard* of the United States doing such a thing." In spite of himself, his voice began to rise. "One never *heard* of it, I say!"

Ambassador Hagan stood in rocky silence. The Prime Minister, whose complexion was changing like a traffic light on the blink, punched a bell on his desk.

"Arnaud, be so good as to get me a whiskey glass and a bottle of cognac."

"A whiskey glass?" said Arnaud.

"Idiot, do as you are told!"

Then he addressed the Ambassador. "Mr. Hagan, can you explain how this incredible decision came about? What kind of man have you foolish, foolish people elected? Who *is* this Willmoore Wheeler?" shouted the Prime Minister, banging his fist on the table. "Where did he come from?"

"From nowhere," answered the Ambassador. "A quiet professor at a small liberal arts college. I suppose the fact that he was a nobody seemed as good a recommendation as any to the deadlocked Convention. He was picked by the Democrats in a dark horse, surprise nomination. It had narrowed down to a battle between Kefauver and Kennedy, which many Democrats considered a fate no worse, after all, than death. I suppose because Mr. Wheeler was an intellectual, the liberals assumed he'd be on the right side. He campaigned on the basis of the Eisenhower Mess, which seemed sound to everybody. He called for monetary reform, lower taxes, reduced national debt, armed strength against Russia and a flexible foreign policy. It seemed innocuous enough."

"I know, I know," said the Prime Minister, shaking his head. He swept off his pince-nez, rubbing his eyes and temples as if he could rub away reality. The cognac arrived, and he took of it greedily. "Over here we thought he was only another . . . I mean, another Truman or Eisenhower or Stevenson."

"Evidently, he is not," said the Ambassador. "He vetoed the latest Congressional porkbarrel bill on the grounds that this was the stave which broke the barrel's back. He has proposed an immediate tax cut, inversely progressive. He has stated, you must admit, over and over again that it was time Europe faced up to her responsibilities."

"I know all that," said the Prime Minister. Without the glasses his eyes looked as red as a skinned rat. "But I never thought—who *could* have thought!—it would come to *this.*"

"Nobody," said the Ambassador. "Least of all the Diplomatic Service. Nobody thought that when he said he was tired of hearing neutrality and anti-American propaganda coming out of nations which were accepting American funds and surviving by grace of America's might—nobody thought he would actually take such measures as to regretfully inform you, your Excellency, of his decision to withdraw troops, equipment and funds from France."

The Prime Minister hurled the photograph of his mother-in-law across the room and burst into sobs.

The Blow Falls

The announcement stunned Europe. There followed immediately a barrage of hate-America editorials and riots, which were duly followed by a Russian diplomatic offensive. But anxiety had fallen across the bland brow of Europe. The joviality, the outstretched vodka of Soviet consular staffs—a performance previously praised by Europeans, who prefer any kind of theater to reality—were now greeted with disquietude. Journalists by the hundreds from Paris, London, Brussels, Munich, Copenhagen and Geneva, crowded Le Havre to watch the first embarkation of America's NATO forces stationed in France. Overhead the skies groaned under the lashes of departing jet aircraft, and in the distance loomed a great convoy of troop carriers. The Chamber of Deputies resounded with imprecations, but not a few men raised their voices in despair, and even the Socialists wondered out loud whether the Russian lamb might not now become more fearsome a beast than the materialist American wolf. Businessmen who for years had been agitating against the Ameri-

can embargo on goods to Russia did not respond to the flood of Soviet orders that came without hard cash; and the government, realizing that national defense was now left in its own hands, proclaimed a strict embargo on military and industrial goods to Russia. (Harold Stassen committed suicide.) The Prime Minister of France shook the Soviet Ambassador's hand rather limply when the Russian came to inform him that his country was prepared to protect France from further American atrocities—indeed, Russia was willing to take over the airfields Americans were deserting. Prices everywhere skyrocketed, and many industries, including the great government industry of subsidization, were paralyzed.

Why, why, why? came the chorus, and the detailed Presidential message which was broadcast over every station in Europe fell upon fear-deafened ears.

"France's instransigent neutrality . . . the outcry against nuclear weapons and missile bases . . . the inability of the government to govern, the unstable situation perilous to American investment in arms and money . . . the rankly socialist aims to which American funds have been sacrificed with conscienceless prodigality . . ."

The message was an hour long, and during the entire hour of its broadcast, people shuddered and asked their neighbors how it could have come to this. One sage quoted an old French proverb: "Nobody recognizes the court fool out of uniform."

The People Speak

At first there was hope in the American Congress, whose record for apathy, utopianism and gullibility had been one of the constants of European politics since the war. There were still many friends of the Western Community there, and no lack of savants like Kefauver, who opined that if the whole world would only be good, it would be a very good thing indeed. Such stalwarts as Bowles and Kennan, Adlai Stevenson and the now somewhat crotchety Dean Acheson, had not tired of calling for a *new* American policy of give and take-it-on-the-chin for doing so, known by them as the Policy of Waging Peace, and by others as the pluperfect tense of greatness. But their lamentations, like those of a lost chorus, fell upon an empty chamber, and they felt that they were speaking against vast, blank silences. The People—that perverse entity that constantly interfered with the wonderful designs these good men contrived for them—somehow seemed to believe President Wheeler's policy was newer than just about anything being prepared. Congress did censure the President, and several members called for measures leading to the limitation of his powers (the Brick Amendment). The American people, however, reacted to such proposals with undreamed-of violence. Henry Luce was tarred and feathered. Molasses was poured into the linotype machines of the *Washington Post*. Harry Truman and Eleanor Roosevelt were sent two huge gold keys locking two toothy bear traps, with the names of four million, three hundred thousand, four hundred and thirty-two people inscribed on the gift cards. To the dismay of Rockefeller, Fulbright, Gallup, Conant and Soapy Williams, the people obviously approved of President Wheeler's measures.

In France, the government reversed the order of things by *not* rocking: nobody except the Communists wanted to pick up the reins, and there was an almost universal determination that this should not happen. Homegrown Marxists within, and Soviets without—the prospect chilled even the proverbially warm hearts of the citizens of Paris. Russia played it cool, and this was even more fearful. A proposal for federation of the "two great democracies" advanced by Dmitri Karamazov—the newly elected Premier—incited a rash of student riots and greatly increased sheet music sales of the *Marseillaise* (which was the only bright spot in a gloomy economic picture).

On the Putting Green

Pride was finally swallowed at the insistence of Britain and Italy and the Scandinavian countries. A delegation of European politicians, including the Prime Minister of France, flew to Washington to treat with President Willmoore Wheeler.

President Wheeler greeted them at the putting green his predecessor had installed on the White House lawn. He was dressed in a jersey and flannels, and his glistening white beard gave him a homely appearance. He did not look like an ogre.

"Ah, hello," he said, smiling easily and extending his hand.

"Do you play golf?" hopefully asked the British Secretary.

"Heavens no. Don't have the time."

A groan escaped the delegation.

"Perhaps you are a historian, like Mr. Truman?" suggested Italy.

"A historian, yes," beamed President Wheeler, whose first forty years had been spent studying the Constitution, and admiring it. "But unlike Mr. Truman. My years in the cloisters have left me with a respect for verisimilitude."

Another groan from the delegation.

"But perhaps," said the Secretary-General of the United Nations, who had muscled in on the delegation at the last moment, "you enjoy travelling to foreign places for pleasurable conferences with the leaders of other lands, like Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Actually not," said the President. "I have such a lot to do here, and with ambassadors and the trans-Atlantic cable, there's really no need, is there?"

The French Prime Minister said he had been left feeling a little ill by the trip, whereupon the entire delegation sat down in chairs provided by the White House staff.

"We have come to ask," began the delegate from Norway, "under what conditions you would return your troops and your missiles and your economic aid to France."

"Under no conditions at all," said the cordial President Wheeler.

"None at *all?*"

"None at all. You people have been crying go home for a number of years, and so we've decided to do just that. Now, if you will excuse me, gentlemen, I have some papers to sign. Oh, wait, we can save time."

He turned and spoke to one of his secretaries, who ran into the White House and presently emerged with a small packet of papers. President Wheeler took them one by one, bracing the sheets against the back of a handy Secret Service man, and began to sign them. When he was done he leafed through the packet.

"Britain . . . Italy . . . India—no, India isn't here . . ."

He extracted seven sheets and handed them out to the delegates, including one to the Secretary of the United Nations.

"What are these?" the delegates asked, all a-tremble.

"Similar announcements to those we have handed France. The one for you, Sir—you *are* from the United Nations, aren't you? — withdraws American subsidy of that organization and gives you three weeks to clear out of New York."

"Us?" said the Secretary-General, stuttering. "Y-you w-want us t-to clear out? B-but why?"

"On the grounds, perfectly reasonable I think, that you spend billions to no purpose at all except as to act as a sounding board for Soviet propaganda and as a base for Soviet espionage in this country."

The delegation gasped. President Wheeler went on.

"Now, if you will excuse me, I must attend to other matters." They did not move, and Willmoore Wheeler suddenly turned back to them.

"If you must know, I am working up an order telling my diplomats I do not want to see any more pictures of them shaking hands with Communist gangsters, or drinking martinis with them over the bodies of the millions they have murdered."

The English Secretary possessed a face which mottled under three persuasions: one was a toast to the Queen, the second the beating of a good horse; and this was the third.

"Good Heavens, man! You don't mean you would interdict the amenities traditional to diplomacy?"

"I do indeed," said the President. "You British have been telling us for fifty years we are children at the conference table. From the results, I do believe you are right. With the hands of our diplomats engaged, the one in guarding our pocketbook, the other close to the holster, I think we will compensate for our naiveté, don't you?"

Flexibility

President Wheeler proceeded with his scandalization of the world. He announced greater military aid to West Germany, Spain, Iran, Korea, Formosa, Turkey and Greece; he issued a policy statement that henceforth economic aid even to the most reliable of anti-Communist nations was to be in the form of business loans by private individuals to foreign concerns. Wielding his pen like an axe, he cut off all aid to Tito, Gomulka and Kadar. He sent demand notes to several of the NATO nations for payment of past debts. Nehru received a thirty-word cable suggesting the immediate return of Kashmir to its proper owners; simultaneously, Pakistan received a message assuring that country that there were some obsolete B-47s available at Orbach Basement prices.

Dozens of other orders followed: one announced that any further bombing of Formosa territory by Red China would be considered an act of war by the United States; another the revocation of truce in Korea, on the grounds that the Chinese had violated every provision of the agreement; and finally a long White Paper announced that the new and flexible American policy he had promised during the campaign was to be directed toward the extermination of Communism. This paper was accompanied by the severance of American diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia and her satellites.

The confusion of the world knew no bounds. Europe was embarrassed to discover that its fulminations were aped word for word by the Soviets. Everybody, except a muleheaded majority of the American people and President Wheeler, declared that the United States had thrown the world into a terrible mess and exposed it to terrible danger. Ambassador Hagan's reaction was ambiguous. He embarked upon a two-week binge and got himself run over by a Paris taxi. Lying on a hospital bed, with a distressed wife by his side, he opened his eyes once, blinked, and said: "We are saved." Whereupon he expired, obviously bereft of his senses.

Farewell to All That

Europe decided that to survive the war which this madman American President was bent upon precipitating (oddly enough, the Soviets were acting most circumspectly: they had actually withdrawn from North Korea, although this move was attributed not to President Wheeler's ultimatum but to Soviet peacemindedness), for Europe to survive, it was regretfully decided, it must drop such precious traditions as trade barriers, national cantankerousness, and the do-it-all central state. In such short order that Europeans themselves were amazed, Europe amalgamated into a loose federation of nations, tightened its collective belt and began to produce divisions in the field which before had been populated by promises only. The advice of German Economics Minister Erhard was eagerly sought, and out went controls and subsidies. France—always the extremist—actually abolished labor unions; Britain, the temperate nation, simply converted them into social clubs which, like the monarchy, were allowed to reign but not to rule. Italy, being a little bloody-minded, shot a number of Communists, but the nation was still Italian enough to prefer the horror of a few riots to the worse horror of foreign domination.

The Soviet Union did its best to capitalize upon the American threat, but the more *Pravda* harped upon this theme the more Europe reacted in just such a way as was displeasing—by strengthening her economy, and lifting her guard. "Perfectly right," said the British Secretary. "We must not leave a cricket field unplayed in our determination to stand firm against the wicketness of the United States."

The Soviets were caught in a terrible predicament. If America attacked, which she seemed to be getting ready to do, Europe could not really be depended upon, despite its humiliation. And if the Soviets attacked, Europe would either have to fight on America's side or suffer what President Wheeler had announced as America's latest, newest, and most flexible policy, namely: "All who are with us, are with us; or they are against us. In which case, the fate of the nations whose vacillations have allowed evil to befall them becomes their own concern, and one of no concern to this Nation." He had added, "We will not bury you, but we certainly see no reason why we should unearth you."

No Perch for Doves

Meanwhile, American action was becoming increasingly intolerable. America was acting as if she *wanted* to provoke a war. She sent ships and troops to the Middle East and unseated Nasser, telling the Soviet Union that interference on her part by any indirect method would not disguise the fact that the Soviet Union had taken sides against the United States, and such interference would be met appropriately. To hammer home the point, one hundred ICBM's flashed over Soviet cities and exploded with a deafening atomic roar, seventy-five miles high in the stratosphere. The Soviet leaders objected strongly, but nobody listened. The Soviets tried to take the matter to the United Nations, but the United Nations was still searching a new home, and Geneva, the only likely spot by tradition and record of success (Soviet) in such matters, did not seem to be interested in footing the bill. It did the Soviets no good to call for a Summit conference, because there was no summit any more upon which to perch peace doves. There were only the United States and Soviet Russia, and it was apparent President Wheeler did not give two figs for World Opinion.

Meanwhile India was demanding more aid than even the Soviets could promise without blushing red. Syria had disappeared from the Middle East, and the Arab nations had suddenly swung about to the American side, prompted by a note declaring that since the rich oil fields were surely to become a prize of war, the United States would be pleased to know where that sector of the world stood. Chiang Kai-shek—supported by the Seventh Fleet, divisions composed of runaway peoples from the satellite nations, and a new combined South Korean-American drive in North Korea—had successfully penetrated Red China. It was not less disturbing to know that great concentrations of armed strength had lined up along the Soviet western flank, and that the new Radio Free Europe was provoking the satellites by assuring them that any move for self-determination would be supported by arms and capital, and by military strength in the event of Soviet aggression.

It was apparent that Russia must either go to war now or never. Unfortunately, in the eleven months of confusion following America's dramatic reversal of form, the people of the United States had been barraged by government propaganda, this time directed toward the conclusion that peace at any price could be bought only by the death of the Nation, and that only by calling the shots now would the United States survive. (President Wheeler was held by some to be unscrupulous in his use of the weapons discovered by his predecessors.) Every Soviet atrocity of the past forty years was reviewed in picture and story. Futuristic movies of life in America under Soviet domination were shown. The people, in a word, had become trigger-happy, and the production of hydrogen bombs, missiles and bomb shelters had grown enormously. To fight such a nation it was necessary to have more than earth-satellites carting dogs about. More was necessary than paper claims of armed might. And if a war should be fought on fairly equal terms, what would happen to the Soviet system—even if the United States, along with Russia, was effectively destroyed as a world power?

Now the Soviets began to call for peace at any price, and over the next two years they paid in the coin of China, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and East Germany. Europe by now was a veritable fortress, and a fortress bastioned by a sound and free economy. Although one or two nations elected to continue with the Soviet Government, it was not long before the sickle and the hammer of the Red Empire glowed palely on the Eastern horizon, and then sank from view altogether.

(Reprints of this article and also of "Mayhem at Notting Hill" [p. 203] are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

NOTTING HILL

(Continued from p. 204)

who ask for nothing more than to get a job and a room and to be left alone.

But there it is. The police may or may not succeed in damping down violence, but the British have had a taste of the color problem and a good many of them are ready to retch. Certainly the police will get no help from the white working-class natives of mixed areas. During the last Nottingham outburst a Guardsman in full uniform was among the attackers throwing milk bottles. No man could be more conspicuous and no man more certain of heavy punishment if caught, but he was throwing all the same.

There is an informal Anglo-American lunch club in London which meets every week. I once sat beside a high-ranking American general while a discussion on race was going on. Some of the English members were much less than tactful in their remarks on American customs and prejudices. The general listened quietly and then said to me, "I wouldn't disagree with a single word these men said. But wait till you've got fourteen million of them."

The general was an optimist. I certainly won't wait. If the number ever comes near one million and the tensions mount proportionately, I shall hie myself to parts West, where color is not a really serious problem. Little Rock, for example.

What can your dollar do about Multiple Sclerosis?

1. It will help support research seeking to isolate the cause of this mysterious crippling disease. Over 50 separate research projects investigating the nature of Multiple Sclerosis are now under way.

2. It will help provide care for the people who have already been struck down by Multiple Sclerosis. There are 38 clinics in the United States which are either supported by the Multiple Sclerosis Society or are particularly interested in the disease.

3. It will contribute to the Fellowship and Scholarship Program of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. This program encourages basic research among young scientists in areas related to the disease.

4. It will help inform the American public about this grim disease. Multiple Sclerosis afflicts 500,000 Americans and yet its symptoms are relatively unknown to the average person.

5. It *may* contribute to a major breakthrough in the battle to find the cure for Multiple Sclerosis. The first such breakthrough occurred in 1957 when a young researcher at the Washington University School of Medicine discovered that the site of disabling Multiple Sclerosis is a structure called the glial cell.

This vastly important work could not have been done without the contributions of people like you to the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

National Multiple Sclerosis Society
257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find my contribution to the battle against Multiple Sclerosis.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Toward European Unity

The free Continent of Europe is drifting away from American leadership. This does not mean that it nourishes the illusion that it might become a "third force," called by history to "mediate" between the Soviet Union and the United States—although a few "neutralist" dreamers do exist in our midst—but rather that there is a general feeling, sentimental as well as reasoned, that the Continent should no longer be a mere appendage to the United States and its foreign policy. There are a number of factors in the change.

First: the new stability of French political life. France's illness may be coming to an end, though a final diagnosis cannot be made before the fall or winter.

Second: the general disappointment at American (and British) policies in the Near East. Arab nationalism, fostered in the past by the British, and anti-colonialism, propagandized by America, plus the joint establishment of Israel on the most neuralgic spot of the Old World: this whole series of partly suicidal, partly self-defeating policies has profoundly shaken the prestige of the English-speaking nations.

Specifically, the failure of the British or American secret services to detect or foretell the events in Iraq amazed Europe. Then came the American intervention in Lebanon—not to mention the even more problematic British intervention in Jordan—which appeared as a curious turnabout in American foreign policy principles, and as a belated if indirect moral assent to the Suez intervention.

Third: the imperviousness of Europe to the recent American recession demonstrated to all that reconstructed Europe stands economically on its own feet.

Fourth: the hysteria over Sputnik in the United States, though *not* the fact that the Russians developed a satellite a few months before the Americans. Needless to say, the most childish reactions in the United States were carefully registered by certain European papers and thus became common knowledge.

Fifth: the almost uninterrupted coalescence of Europe, also marked by feverish French diplomatic activity and the rising interest in Africa as a European hinterland or partner. "Eurafracanism," in turn, is due to the discoveries of oil in the Sahara, the successful revamping of Belgian colonial policy in the Congo, and the series of setbacks suffered by the Algerian FLN.

The New Mentality

As one can see, something like a "revisionist" mentality is rising in Europe, but it is accompanied by a *lessening* of what is loosely called "anti-Americanism." Anti-Americanism was based on an inferiority complex. At the same time pro-Sovietism is not gaining ground, in part because the people have witnessed too many demonstrations of Soviet brutality and in part because almost everyone has something tangible, as well as his life and liberty, to lose. The launching of the Sputniks never created the feeling that there is "something to be said for the Soviets," but was regarded as a stunt.

Nevertheless, the scene is not set in every detail for a United States of Europe. Only Rump-Europe, the "Little Six," is in the offing. Owing to French opposition, the free trade zone is still problematic. A Nordic trade union is possible, though Norway and, above all, Denmark are far less enthusiastic about it than Sweden. (Denmark always has been a "transitional zone" to Scandinavia.) Spain, with its age-old isolationism and its cumbersome state controls on exports, imports and manufacture, will need considerable time before it will be psychologically and economically ready to join the other nations. Portugal, a hard-currency nation, is better suited to come in.

In the long run the question remains whether "Eurafrica" will become an equal partner of "America" (that part of the New World which will be led or controlled by the United States). There can be no doubt that, in human terms, the differences between the United States and a nation like Mexico or Colombia are much greater than, let us say, between France and Germany. They are even more substantial than those between England and Spain. Of course, the extent to which Britain will join Europe—or the "Eurafrican" dream—is questionable. The colonial policies of the French, the Belgians and the Portuguese are fundamentally different from those of the British and the Dutch. The English never expected to make English gentlemen of Bantus or Haussas, but were quite willing to let them grow up, to mature in their own fashion, and eventually to give them "liberty in separation." The Latins, on the other hand, are assimilationists. Whoever speaks the language of Racine and Corneille is a Frenchman. The constitutional reform proposed for the Union Française conceives of a Federal State, *not* a Commonwealth. The net result of these policies will be two Africas, one Continental and one Anglo-Saxon, and perhaps a third, an Arabic-Islamic one. Judging from the impact of the emerging third one, they will have a number of conflicting interests.

The idea of a United Europe is very old. It was effectively fostered in the time between the wars through the Pan-Europe Movement, and was encouraged by America after the war. Two Bourbons—Louis XVI and Charles III—were the godfathers of the nascent American Republic, a fact of which Americans are often curiously unaware. Europeans now have forgotten the constant American urgings and promptings in the years after World War II—including the very substantial material aid, even if it did not (as so often happened) reach the right recipient in the right way. Let us hope that America's role in this historic process has not yet come to an end; Europe, for a long time to come, will need American help in a great many ways.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Here & There in the College World (Fall Clean-up)

COUEISME AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO (from the *Chicago Maroon*): "Four short years ago, Paul Robeson, artist and suspect Communist, appeared at Mandel Hall . . . This last week Paul Robeson . . . returned . . . The difference between these concerts strikingly illustrates the change in attitude toward academic freedom or perhaps the change in academic freedom itself. When Robeson appeared four years ago, he was a McCarthy-branded Communist . . . Robeson . . . met opposition from . . . students, the chancellor and administration, the community at large . . . [This time] . . . Robeson sang . . . to an enthusiastic crowd . . . The sponsors met little opposition from fellow students, the administration, the community . . . Robeson indeed has become respectable . . . As one University wit phrased it: 'These are the same people that attended four years ago, only four years older.' One might add 'and four years more politically respectable.' No one stayed away from this concert on principle except perhaps a few aberrant Trotskyites and conservative law students."

WHERE DID HE GO? UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT. WHAT DID HE SAY? NOTHING. (From the Connecticut *Daily Campus*): "A Harvard professor and scholar of American history spoke at Uconn last week and disappointed many of his listeners. As one Uconn professor stated, 'I guess I expected too much from Arthur Schlesinger.'

"Although he damned the current Administration, particularly John Foster Dulles, he offered no alternate program for a 'basic overhauling of our foreign policy.' The . . . speaker made some choice comments about our Secretary of State, the best one of which in our view was the suggested title for Dulles' new biography —'Where did you go? Out. What did you do? Nothing.' . . . We would like to have seen Schlesinger's comments tempered with suggestions for a realistic and attainable policy to assure that our foreign policy gets the basic overhauling that it needs."

WHY SOME PEOPLE THINK CIVIL LIBERTARIANS ARE PRO-COMMUNIST (because some people describe pro-Communists as civil libertarians). Recent example (from the *Chicago Maroon*, University of Chicago): "I. F. Stone will speak on 'Teller, testing and some nuclear pearls' today at 4 pm . . . Stone, primarily noted for his outspoken Washington newsletter, I. F. Stone's *Weekly*, is a defender of civil rights and civil liberties and publishes in his newsletter many ignored facts of surprising political significance . . ."

YE SHALL GO TO VASSAR, AND KNOW THE TRUTH (culled from *Changing Values in College*, by Philip E. Jacob [Harper], and first spotted by *The Individualist*, published by the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists): "The senior [at Vassar] is not so critical as the freshman of persons who become intoxicated, who don't vote, who have intercourse before marriage, are lawbreakers, or don't take things seriously enough . . .

"The senior is more independent of her family, critical of its habits, under less sense of obligation.

"The senior more often than the freshman justifies the breaking of rules on occasion, including civil disobedience; questions whether 'Communism is the most hateful thing in the world today,' or whether the American way of life should be preserved unchanged; would prefer to betray country rather than best friend.

"The senior goes to church and prays less than the freshman, and is less likely to believe in the second coming of Christ, a life hereafter and even that there is a God."

Approximate Religious Affiliations of Undergraduates at Harvard—a hundred years ago and today:

Church	*1855*	*1956*
Episcopal	19%	14.5%
Jewish	0	25
Catholic	0	14
Congregational	9	7
Presbyterian	1	5
Methodist	0	3.5
Baptist	7.5	3
Lutheran	1	3
Unitarian	37.5	4
Christian Science	0	1
Other	13.75	9
None	11.25	11

—from the *Harvard Crimson*

GETTING ALL SIDES AT QUEENS COLLEGE, FROM THE NATION TO THE NEW REPUBLIC (from *The Rampart*): ". . . In our own Paul Klapper Library, two magazines are conspicuously absent: the *National Review* and the *Freeman*. These two periodicals are spokesmen for the Conservative and the Libertarian points of view in this country. Their direct ideological competitors, *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, are present in the library . . .

SEPARATING THE MEN FROM THE SPECIAL EVENTS, AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT (from the Connecticut *Daily Campus*): "The most important element of the Fine Arts Festival at Uconn this year will be absent. We refer specifically to the lack of a poet or novelist who in past years has set the mood for the week long festival. This year, instead, Mr. Bennett Cerf, publisher of Random House and author of several books on humor, is the Featured Speaker. The choice of Mr. Cerf is not an appropriate one for he does not represent any particular area of Fine Arts and should have been invited [merely] as a Special Event . . . Earlier in the year the Committee did try to get T. S. Eliot but, for some reason unknown to the chairman of the committee, he refused."

FROM THE TEXAN (University of Texas): "There is no doubt about it. The next war will be fought over the issue of disarmament."

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Traditionalist Reformers

In Ferndale, Michigan, a densely-populated suburb of Detroit, the Traditionalists won the school-board election a few months ago. Now the Triumphant Traditionalist majority has issued a forthright Statement of Principles to govern the several public schools of Ferndale. This statement ought to be read by the members of every school board in the country; and, as things are moving, many other boards will be drawing up just such declarations of conservative reform.

Ferndale, to speak very generally, is a lower-middle-class community, with a large minority of Negro population recently drifted out from Detroit, and here and there islands of comparative wealth. For a good while, its schools have been so conspicuously mediocre—that is, so unvaryingly average in performance, according to state and national scales—that the educationist statisticians and test-compilers have chosen Ferndale repeatedly as an index to what the average public school system does. Things are changing now, suddenly. The Traditionalists, much to the dismay of the educationist hierarchy, have returned to first principles of learning.

In this year's school-board election, the Progressivist candidates and partisans, feeling uneasy under the now-disreputable banner of Progressive Education, bestowed upon their own faction a new name: Realists (!) Their opponents they described —in a denigrative fashion, they thought—as Traditionalists. But the citizenry of Ferndale apparently prefers Tradition to Reality, for all the Traditionalist candidates were elected. A similar revolution, by the way, occurred at the same time in wealthy Birmingham, farther out of Detroit, where Progressivist school-board members, entrenched for years, found themselves displaced by the enemies of Life Adjustment.

Now the Ferndale Traditionalists' Statement of Principles is remarkable for its lucidity and its candor. Clearly no professor of education wrote it. In what space I have here, I can quote only the leading paragraphs of the statement, and you must take my word for it that the three-fourths of the declaration which I cannot reprint is equally heartening.

"1. The principal aim of the schools shall be the development of the mind and the acquisition of knowledge by all children. All other aims, however important and desirable they may appear in themselves, shall be subordinated to this primary aim in so far as the functions of the schools are concerned.

"2. We affirm our belief that, although 'Life Adjustment,' social adaptation, mental health, and similar endeavors are important concepts which should not be violated by a wisely conducted school system, they are not primary goals of our public schools.

"3. The curriculum will be strengthened by designing a specific program for the elementary schools and one or more programs for the high schools which all students can follow. Such programs, supported by appropriate credits and minimum requirements for promotion and graduation, shall be designed to insure a true basic education for every child. This goal cannot be accomplished by offering a variety of courses.

"4. Children, being by definition immature, are not generally equipped to choose subjects, topics, methods, or rates of learning or teaching. The teacher shall assume responsibility for planning and teaching the subject-matter to be covered in a given period in accordance with an approved outline of study at each grade level.

"5. Implicit in the foregoing paragraphs is the intent of the Board to have comparable standards of performance and coverage of subject, grading, and promotion throughout the School District.

"6. The Board rejects the concept of the core curriculum, integrated studies program, common-learnings type of instruction, or similar programs as the basic method of instruction, since this concept tends to minimize subject matter and interfere with the acquisition of accurate information which must precede integration.

"7. Without exerting undue pressure, the teacher shall have the right to expect each student to work according to his or his ability.

"8. The teachers shall be free to encourage and wisely direct competitive efforts by the student, channeling them into productive undertakings and avoiding unfair comparisons. . . . A society which confuses democracy with conformity or mediocrity can not survive.

"9. The Board recognizes the accomplishments of the Ferndale School District in the field of special education, and pledges its support to the continuation of this program."

Well! Here is a breath of fresh air. These are not the obsolete doctrines still preached in every teachers' college and regarded as Holy Writ by the National Education Association. There is no ring of "educational psychology" about these phrases. This Statement of Principles is the work of genuinely educated people, citizens of Ferndale, who have made up their minds not to be bullied by the educationist hierarchs. They seek education, not educationism.

Sometimes I grow vexed at the plaintive cry of parents vaguely distressed over the state of the public schools, "But what can *we* do?" What you and I can do is quite simple; it has just been demonstrated in Ferndale. Local school boards, throughout the country, still are popularly chosen, and in most states retain almost complete control over the choice of curriculum, school administrators, and teachers. If you and I have energy enough to elect to these school boards some persons of reasonable intelligence and strength of character, the teachers' colleges, the NEA, and even the state departments of public instruction are going to have to bow before the storm.

A Judgment on Revolution

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

By devious stratagems and ruses we are getting a worthwhile modern Russian literature. It goes without saying that it is not being published inside Russia itself.

The first break in the ice jam came when Igor Gouzenko, a short story writer of great talent, got himself accepted as a cipher clerk by the Soviet Union's foreign service. One day in 1945 Gouzenko calmly walked out of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, Canada, carrying with him a hundred or more documents bearing on the operations in Britain and America of a Communist spy ring. More important for the long run, however, was the novel which Gouzenko carried in his head—an unforgettable story of the calculated destruction by the Stalinist apparatus of a great man of letters who bore more than a faint resemblance to Maxim Gorki. Gouzenko got his story on paper as *The Fall of a Titan* while living under the protection of the "Mounties"—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was the nearest thing to a big novel that had come out of Russia in decades.

Now comes a second break—the publication of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* (Pantheon, $5.00, English translation by Max Hayward and Manya Harari). The circumstances surrounding the appearance of this book in the nations of the West are somewhat mysterious. It was first issued in Italy by a publisher, Feltrinelli of Milan, who is himself a member of the Italian Communist Party. This was *after* the book had been refused publication in Russia (a board of writers functioning as censors effectively condemned it), and *after* Pasternak himself had sent telegrams abroad requesting that publication in Italy, France and America be halted pending "revision." The curious thing about the whole business is that when his telegrams were ignored Pasternak expressed no regret whatsoever. The inference would seem to be obvious: Pasternak, who is close to being 70 years old, has decided to risk his life in order to make himself heard.

JUST HOW great a novel is this story of a doctor who managed to live through the Bolshevik Revolution and the Civil War without ever committing himself to the Communist regime? The answer is that Pasternak, a poet, has written a first-rate testament that somehow falls short of being first-rate fiction.

The book is good because it offers the direct commentary of an unusually sensitive spirit on the course of events in Russia from 1905 to the present. As a novel, however, it is episodic almost to the point of chaos. Characters appear without preparation or subsequent development; ideas are discussed and dropped; and the pretense that the whole is being offered as a description of something that was "historically inevitable" which had to be "gone through" is obviously unacceptable. Pasternak, under the guise of mere passive observation, is crying aloud for the deliverance of his country from the curse of unmitigated evil. Moreover, there is an implicit judgment here that human wills had a great deal to do with what happened in Russia from 1917 on. If someone among the liberals or constitutionalists, for example, had had a stronger zeal than Lenin, events might have taken a far different turn. As things worked out, the man who *wanted* to win managed to impose himself on all the rest.

Pasternak's own hero, Yura (or Yurii) Zhivago, wished to impose himself on nobody. A spectator of events, Zhivago is a poet and a philosopher as well as a doctor of medicine—which makes it reasonable to suppose that he is a mask for Pasternak himself. Zhivago is studiedly nonpolitical in all his appearances. But his disdain for politicians is in itself a political act. At the beginning he is inclined to go along with the Revolution out of a feeling that one cannot worry "over every blessed thing." "History," so Zhivago says on his way to the Urals from a starving Moscow, "hasn't consulted me . . . As I see it, reality has been so terrorized that it is hiding . . . I have to go on living, I've got a family." Weeks later, however, Zhivago is far more positive in his criticism of the Bolsheviks.

"Those who inspired the revolution," he says, "aren't at home in anything except change and turmoil, they aren't happy with anything that's on less than a world scale. For them transitional periods, worlds in the making, are an end in themselves. . . . And do you know why these never-ending preparations are so futile? It's because these men haven't any real capacities; they are incompetent. Man is born to live, not to prepare for life. Life itself, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life, is so breath-takingly serious! So why substitute this childish harlequinade of immature fantasies, these schoolboy escapades?"

If there has been any stronger criticism of Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Khrushchev and Company from the pen of a Russian, then I have missed it.

The conversations run on as Dr. Zhivago is conscripted to act as a medical officer with the Reds in Siberia. "When I hear people speak of reshaping life," he says, "it makes me lose my self-control. . . . Reshaping life! People who can say that

have never understood a thing about life . . . They look on it as a lump of raw material that needs to be processed by them . . . But life is never a material, a substance to be molded."

THE JUDGMENT on the Bolshevik Revolution in *Dr. Zhivago* would apply to all revolutions. When force is used to dissolve law and custom, human life loses continuity. And with the loss in continuity comes a loss of humanity itself. The people who wander in and out of Pasternak's pages can't sustain even the most fundamental personal relationships. Their marriages go to pieces. Their children disappear.

Pasternak permits one of his subsidiary characters to say that the day of private property in Russia is over. But out of Pasternak's episodic portrayal of the Bolshevik upheaval, one distinct impression emerges: it was primitive capitalism, and nothing else, that enabled the Bolsheviks themselves to remain in power. The peasants, fighting for their land, managed to produce enough even in the midst of chaos to keep the countryside fed. If the decrees against private trading had been obeyed, everybody, the Bolsheviks included, would have starved.

The love story in *Dr. Zhivago* is tender. But, curiously enough, the poet in Pasternak is subordinated to the political or philosophical commentator even when writing about love. There is too much talk between Larisa Feodorovna and Dr. Zhivago and not enough of the lyrical appreciation of each other that one would expect in a poet's novel. In fact, Zhivago's lyric perception of life is relegated largely to the poems that are presented as his own at the end of the book.

What Pasternak has done is to use the novel form as a platform from which to deliver some 500 pages of inspired criticism of "fanatical men of action with one-track minds, geniuses in their ability to confine themselves to a limited field." *Dr. Zhivago* may have come too late in the day to affect events in a land that is in the iron grip of a dictatorship of the one-track minds. But it should confirm all Westerners in their instinctive feeling that distrust of the fanatic is the beginning of wisdom.

What Ever Became of America?

FORREST DAVIS

THE QUITE LEGITIMATE excuse for Holmes Alexander's somewhat haphazard but intensely readable book, *The Famous Five* (Bookmailer, $3.50), is that living Senators and a panel of unspecified historical scholars chose Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Robert M. La Follette and Robert A. Taft as most worthy among departed Senators to have their portraits hung in vacant wall spaces of the Upper House's reception chamber.

I have conned Mr. Alexander's admirably brisk biographical sketches for a clue to precisely why these particular and admittedly famous statesmen should have been voted into what amounts to a Senatorial Pantheon. Such a clue is missing. I have likewise sought for a generality, a common denominator binding the five in a historical frame. That, too, is absent. I must assume, given the lack of congruity, that Clay, Webster, Calhoun, La Follette and Taft were marked for memorial eminence because of individual qualities apart from policy or the weight of their imprint on their times.

The public careers of the five present no partisan or principled uniformity. According to present-day stereotypes, Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Taft would be termed right-wingers. Only La Follette, who can perhaps best be described as a belated Jacobin or a systematic Populist, approximated the prevailing Liberalism. Of them all only the Whig Clay and the Republican Taft were devout partisans.

The basic issues identified with these notables were as diverse as the public images they created. Of the passionate, magnificently articulate trio which gave the Senate of the 1830s and '40s the airs and graces of a classical forum, the Democrat Calhoun is historically associated with Nullification, Webster with the peroration of his debate with Hayne ("Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable"), and Harry of the West with the compromises of 1833 and 1850 that staved off secession until the bloody rupture of '61.

To La Follette's admirers, growing fewer as Progressivism hardens into statism, Fighting Bob liberated the faceless masses from predatory plutocracy and political bossism. To his enemies, then and now, La Follette was a ruthlessly egoistic instrumentalist who deformed the public life of his times; a public scold who protracted the muckraking era and left as his principal heritage the direct election of Senators and a shackled railway system. La Follette's sword knew no brother, his courage was nothing short of magnificent, but his reforms, seen in retrospect, are dated and unpersuasive.

Taft being the only contemporary, we can perhaps appraise him more accurately. His adherence to reason,

***Robert A. Taft*—" . . . *symbol of intellectual incorruptibility*"**

to the liberties flowing from an organic, traditional view of society relate the Ohioan more perhaps to Edmund Burke than to any of the five except Webster. Of Taft, fighting a rearguard action against the welfarism that he called Socialism, frustrated and constitutionally incapable of putting his best foot forward, it can appropriately be said that he owes his fame primarily to character. I suspect that Taft lives in public esteem because, in a time of moral laxity and dangerous expediency, he became a justified symbol of intellectual incorruptibility and political daring—daring that sometimes, as in

his Kenyon College denunciation of the *ex post facto* law of the Nuremberg trials and in his insistence upon personally framing a labor reform law, approached the reckless.

The five did share the illustrious virtue of political courage. Like Taft at Kenyon, each of the others, as Alexander recapitulates their careers, put his fame and fortune at hazard for something dearer than either. Clay, crowding Jamie Madison into the War of 1812 as leader of the Western War Hawks; Calhoun threatening the secession of his beloved South Carolina over the tariff and in the teeth of Andy Jackson's threat to hang him "high as Haman"; Webster outraging New England abolitionism to follow Clay on the compromise of 1850; La Follette suffering the ostracism of his colleagues over opposition to war in 1917—all were willing to accept ill fame and eclipse for what they deemed to be right, even to sacrificing the hope of the Presidency that they all held and none achieved.

A good half century lies between the careers of these remarkable men; between the deaths of Webster and Clay in 1852 and La Follette's entry into the Senate. I suggest that this discontinuity affords us a prime opportunity to contrast the national mood of the two periods. For that purpose let us presume Clay, Webster and Calhoun typical of public life in the bright, vexed and uncertain forenoon of the Republic. We then fix La Follette and Taft as representative public men in the afternoon of the Republic, under conditions of maturity forced upon it by world power, far-reaching wars and revolutionary upheavals affecting all mankind.

The differences between the manner of living, the hopes and preoccupations of these men of two centuries are suggestive, I submit, of a profound change in qualities that can be called zest and confidence.

Clay at Ashland went among his Hereford and Durham calves, his Arabian foals, with squirely solicitude, rejoicing in a Maltese ass sent him by a friend. At Fort Hill on the Savannah, Calhoun, who had plowed with his slaves as a youth, had a genuine care for crop improvement and the animals. As for Webster, he beggared himself for his seaside

Henry Clay—" . . . looked upon his country and found it good"

Marshfield, with its 1,200 acres and twenty-five farm workers; importing dairy sires from England and llamas from Peru, breeding the fastest trotters in New England and burying favorites upright, bridled and saddled.

The cautious Calhoun, uncharacteristic of the times, excepted, our nineteenth-century exemplars were full-bottomed men, given to gallantry, prone to linger over bottle and cards, but proficient in Latin and Greek. In contrast, La Follette had the steady habits of a village clerk and Taft, if present, would have deplored Webster's appearance on the Senate floor well away in liquor.

There were major differences. The affirmative Clay and Webster looked upon their country, pushing to the Pacific, and found it good. To them, as to Calhoun, America was a proud and pulsing organism, a felicitous dream of empire and a sound of glory. To these and their colleagues the valleys of America were greener, the mountains taller, the plains broader, the women more beautiful, the men braver than anywhere else on earth.

America was a Whitmanesque song offering hope to mankind, not a statistical table; not, as to Taft, an economy to be rescued from demagogic wastrels or, as to La Follette, a land of patient menials despoiled by robber barons.

Reading again in Alexander's book of the exuberant faith of Clay, Webster and Calhoun in a country raw, unformed but on the go, and contrasting their surging devotion with the preoccupation of twentieth-century statesmen with narrower, almost meticulous issues of the hour, one is prompted to ask: What ever became of Henry Clay's America?

Challenge—and No Response

REVILO OLIVER

A grant from the Rockefeller Foundation enabled Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee—and his wife—to spend seventeen months in travelling around the world. His account of this journey (*East to West,* Oxford, $4.50) compresses so many disconnected scenes into its 221 pages of text that it suggests nothing so much as a cinema "travelogue" made by a hard-working photographer in perhaps seventeen strenuous days of our aeronautic age.

From the author of a pretentious *Study of History* in ten volumes we naturally expect something more than appreciative notes on sunrises and mountains and temples, and Mr. Toynbee endeavors to answer our expectations. He is undoubtedly a man of wide learning, an historian who can give us a thumbnail sketch of the Akkadian-Assyrian culture at the wiggle of a Super-Constellation's wings. He doubtless speaks with authority when he assures us that the architecture of Hindu temples is based on the Buddhist stupa rather than the Babylonian ziggurat. But he can also give his admirers some very trying moments. Indeed, readers who are not overawed by the bulk of the famous ten volumes may wonder whether anyone who has even a modest understanding of history would permit himself complacently to remark that in Vietnam, at least, "The Roman Catholic Church . . . has successfully shaken off its *transitory association* with the Western World." (My italics.)

In the course of his tour Mr. Toynbee, resolutely presenting an Open Mind to all the winds of Oriental doctrine, admired the "spiritual light that is radiating from the minds" of the natives of Burma, where at any moment "a mob of [Buddhist] monks

may suddenly fling off the yellow toga and start fighting with staves, swords, revolvers, or even hand-grenades." He made a pilgrimage to Mukhtara and learned, he says, the secret doctrines of the Druz. Although he says that it would not be cricket to divulge these mysteries to the profane, he hints that this cult, which is generally regarded as a variant of Judaism garnished with a belief in metempsychosis, may be the Religion of the Future. Mr. Toynbee, in fact, is as open-minded as Count Keyserling, whose more bulky *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* created such a stir in the muzzy 1920's.

In all his journey the author apparently had but one moment of clear perception. When he was in Northern Queensland his sympathy for the homogeneous white population of a region where no one need lock his door against thieves gave him an ominous vision of "those millions of East Asians who are now peering over the mountains of New Guinea at this transequatorial land of promise." This glimpse will suggest to many readers an explanation of the determination of authorities in Washington and Moscow to build up at all costs the military strength of Indonesia. But Mr. Toynbee's political perception, like his glimpse of the summit of Daulatabad, lasted but a moment. It led only to a resumption of his affrightened twitterings about the horrors of atomic war. Australia, one gathers, must, like the rest of the civilized world, go down the drain of "social justice."

The climax of the journey evidently came in India, where Mr. Toynbee, who knows that masses are Nice because there is so much of them, is made ecstatic by "the courageous and imaginative Indian experiment" and by Savior Nehru's attempts "to persuade Russia and America to resign themselves to coexistence." The success of these attempts is the "major concern of the human race," because the alternative is atomic war—and here, of course, the affrighted twitterings begin again.

It is remarkable that an historian and a philosopher of history seems never to wonder whether the situation that he deplores had a cause. Russia's ability to threaten atomic warfare is, it seems, a natural phenomenon, like the Aurora Borealis or the tides, and so beyond the purview of the historian. Mr. Toynbee would doubtless twitter more than ever if some brash observer were to suggest that history is made by men, and that it therefore follows that his country and ours, having in twelve years fallen from a position of absolute military dominance to one in which they quail before the threats of well-armed savages, owe their present position either to traitors, who created the menace, or to fools, who refused to see an obvious danger. And the man who has lectured his fellows on the importance of meeting "challenges" in history, sees no challenge in the undisputed fact that the future of the West remains in the hands of a school of men who, whether they are traitors or fools, have demonstrated their genius as architects of disaster.

East to West will convince many readers that all that they are likely to learn from Mr. Toynbee's histories is that Mr. Toynbee learns nothing from history.

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Early Fall Fiction

Something for Everyone

ROBERT PHELPS

PUBLISHERS already have a large and eager bustle of fiction in orbit, and since the average quality is eventfully high, the most useful basis for an early autumn report seems to be its variety. There is something for everyone, even readers. In order of seniority, therefore, the following quintet is endorsed with continuing thanks for the printed word, and equinoctial blessings on all:

The Best Short Stories of Edith Wharton (Scribners, $4.50) is a just job of reclamation. Mrs. Wharton wrote as the inside observer of a closed, massively garnished milieu of millionaire Americans who lived on Fifth Avenue and whose highest earthly ideal was a titled European. Her details of their manners, morals, and muffled losses are always real, and her common-sense adaptation of Henry James' middle period prose still reads fluently. According to his gospel, too, she made a tidy job of her storytelling, and in fact, it is this reliably professional finish which has always struck me as the most curious aspect of her work. Since, after all, she did not write for a living, I would have expected a little more self-indulgence of her. But on the contrary, she erred in the opposite direction, writing too often like a contracted hack whose only concern was to satisfy the editor of a ladies' magazine. Neither her prose nor her substance ever makes the demands a really first-rate writer's must, and at her best, she remains second-rate. But the truly second-rate is uncommon enough to be preserved. I don't know everything her present editor, Wayne Andrews, has left out, but what he has put in is all viable. This goes for Mrs. Wharton's ten stories as well as his own preface, crisp and canny enough to make his forthcoming biography a prospect of plum-value.

The lady who publishes under the name of Bryher is also a good observer, though she can see across centuries as minutely and scrupulously as Mrs. Wharton across a tea service. In *Gate to the Sea* (Pantheon, $2.75), she is looking at the Greek colony of Paestum, about 330 years before the birth of Christ. The Romans have come and conquered, and the seafaring people who had been too confident to arm themselves against invasion, have lost their world, their gods, their very language. It is a discreetly ominous parable for any free but fatuous people, of

course; but like Bryher's other books, it is also so impeccable and unostentatious an evoking of the past that finishing it will make the reader want to invent a new name, set up a new category, for the so-called historical novel.

Andrew Lytle first published his novel called *A Name for Evil* ten years ago. It was an artful, subtle *use* of the ghost story, adapting its conventions of haunted house, stalking specters, and high melodrama as consciously as, say, Stravinsky adapted the cembalo and the conventions of Mozartian opera in *The Rake's Progress.* I imagine it had no great success, for the simple reason that its readers thought it was just an old-fashioned ghost story, and not a work of art which was borrowing the ghost story for its own purpose. We have all survived a hectic decade since then, and it is now no novelty that fiction is an art as well as the unraveling of a narrative. So it is a good thing to have it reissued, in *A Novel, A Novella, and Four Stories* (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.95). The title (again, like Stravinsky) is exact, and all of the stories are perfect. I personally found the one called "Mr. MacGregor," which I did not know, a dazzling performance. There is also a ten-page foreword which I would like to urge all presidents of all American academies to make required reading for all their professors of literature, language, and creative writing.

Roger Vailland's *The Law* (Knopf, $3.95) received the Prix Goncourt last year and has enjoyed pan-European best-sellerdom in the interim. I don't see why it shouldn't cross the Atlantic with equal *éclat.* It is perhaps best described as a professionally French view of south Italian mores. Not exactly an "implacable" book, as Mr. Clifton Fadiman thinks; but it is charming, amiably worthless, and slightly more than half true about human beings, whether south of Naples or north of Boston.

IF I COULD recommend only one novel to an unselected block of readers this season, I would unhesitatingly choose *Water Music,* by Bianca Van Orden (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95). A first novel (though Miss Van Orden has written at least two brilliant long stories), it is about five young Americans—all hazily radiant with the glory of being 22, in love, and in Italy. I read it earlier this year in the British edition and was enchanted by it. A couple of people on whom I have since thrust it tell me that the beginning is awkward, and I pass this warning on, not because I agree, but because I hope that anyone else who finds it so, will nonetheless keep going. The last 200 pages put me under a spell from which I have not yet recovered. It may be true that American writers can only deal with youth, illusion, and loss of innocence. I am not sure of this. But Miss Van Orden has done so with so much zest and shrewdness and joy and freshly stylized art (like Mr. Lytle, she too knows that fiction is, above all, an art) that I cannot see any point in arguing to the contrary.

Theater

1. Eliot at Edinburgh

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

The Elder Statesman by T. S. Eliot is about one Lord Claverton who, retiring with honor from public life, finds that "we cannot retire from ourselves": whose past catches up with him and affects for ill his son who cannot be dissuaded from making the same mistakes as his father; how the father realizes that one cannot flee the past but must atone for it; and how by self-confession and contrition and "becoming as nothing" one may find freedom and peace and, for one's best beloved daughter, the key to the eternity of perfectly shared love.

Mr. Eliot's two previous plays, *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*—both of date later than the *Four Quartets*—have won a prestige in the theater which is difficult to sustain. Now made available at the Edinburgh Festival, the new piece draws on itself that half-rancorous, half-adulatory criticism which is so often the reward of a third attempt. Some find it his "most human" play. Others his deepest. Others again vote it chilly and sententious.

T. S. Eliot's orginality, in *The Cocktail Party,* was to proffer a metaphysical discussion and a wise piece of advice on the subject of vocational fitness and self-healing through self-discovery, in the guise of a drawing-room comedy. A verse play in which the rhythms were hardly more obtrusive than those of the more polished stage prose and which kept the attention simmering a little higher than would ordinary stage dialogue *was* a remarkable idea at the time. But a certain price had to be paid. It was well enough to introduce characters in such a scheme who shall be hardly more than talking "humours" (in Ben Jonson's sense). X, Y and Z are respectively a happily married woman, a man in search of the truth and a woman seeking her true function in life. So long as such a play remains suspended at a certain level of light comic invention we need ask no more. Like figures of the *commedia dell'arte* or, come to that, the old Palais Royale farces, these prototypes served the author's purpose. All the same, even in the earlier plays, some of our audiences found Eliot's characters mere "talking abstractions."

Perhaps because it is far from satisfactorily cast or acted, the new play, which I for one find wise and indeed noble in some respects, struck more of us than ever as a metaphysical disquisition put into the mouths of slightly unreal, sketchy characters. The tone of the play is less determinately "light" than the previous ones; true, a tea-tray is brought on by a butler in the first few minutes and we can make a gallant effort to settle for lightly sketched uppercrust Britons as the mouthpieces of a story said to have its roots in the Oedipus at Colonnus. But in the last act, where sympathy is clearly sought for

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Philip Hope-Wallace, dramatic critic of the Manchester Guardian *and* Time and Tide, *reports for* NATIONAL REVIEW *on the premiere of T. S. Eliot's new play at the Edinburgh Festival.*

the earthly farewells of a fond father and an idolizing daughter who has learned that her idol has feet of clay, there is so little emotional weight behind these figures that all we can muster up is a distant regret, as for strangers separating at the quayside.

YET WHAT Mr. Eliot wishes to tell us is something profoundly true and important; that we cannot flee the past or "retire" from responsibility—we can at best only off-load it by contrition. And that to find the "truth which shall set you free" you must lay by all pretense, all "acting" to others and yourself and become again as a little child (in the Christian rather than the Freudian sense, no doubt!). Furthermore, that to enter into reality is only possible through others; so that totally shared love is the supreme road to reality, and that as such (and this is the greatest difference between this new play and the earlier ones) love is capable of being self-sufficient, provided it is love which is founded on true confession and resignation. We are some way—it will be seen—from the renunciations of *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*. One result ought to have been that these characters should spring more vividly and richly to life on the stage. Personally I found them, in the present production, at best cool and distant.

The play on the surface concerns the decline and death of Lord Claverton. When we first meet him he is a gray-haired public man loaded with honors, who is empty inside. How hypocritical seem now the columns of praise and the photograph (ten years out of date). What do they tell of the real man? May not the world even despise the real man, now near to death (as his daughter knows and he suspects)? Has he been a sham, even a coward? He fears exposure to strangers only a degree less than exposure to the dear, admiring daughter. Together they go to a sanatorium; and here Lord Claverton's past begins to catch up with him.

First, an old intimate of his student days whom he set on the wrong road of material aggrandizement and who also knew him, before he was "Lord Claverton," as one who could run away from the responsibility of a car accident. This fellow has made good materially, but his presence, a ghost from the past of a burnt-out relationship, afflicts the dying peer. Worse, a flighty, now much married and wealthy Mrs. Carghill turns up; she too had known the old man in his youth as a seducer who decamped. These two figures of moral blackmail are brought on with something of the flourish of a Victorian melodrama. Though sketchily drawn, these projections of the man's secret guilt certainly diversify the action amusingly. Their presence is enough to set our hero wondering how he may shed his burden of guilt by making a clean breast of it to his daughter; if she has love enough to surmount such a disillusioning, he may find peace; and so, with what emotion each spectator must experience for himself, it comes about. The old man is free to die serenely; the daughter, breaking her own particular bond (the privacy of one-sided love) comes through to a perfect "one-ness" with her fiance.

The factor which precipitates the crisis, however, is not prepared for with entire success. For it is a prodigal son, a rebellious heir who, by turning up and allowing himself to be seduced by his father's "ghosts," the adventurer and the woman from his father's past, makes Lord Claverton see how inescapably the lives which emanate from us remain our responsibility. Despite all remonstrance and advice, the son of Lord Claverton will go his way, the way of fleeing his own past (by emigrating) and seeking pure material gain; it is hinted that he too will one day "turn again." But the whole of this issue of the son's antagonism to his father is too lightly prepared, too sketchily "placed" to make the scene of the son's choice seem to have the weight of the play behind it. Partly because of a certain paucity in human characterization, the last act of the play makes an impression of a dispassionate judicial summing up of a legal case rather than a heart-easing resolution of the human dilemma as exemplified in the life and death of a man we have learned greatly to love.

2. Shakespeare in Connecticut

GARRY WILLS

THE DAYS when Shakespearean performances were an over-solemn rite to the Bard seem gone. An opposite error now fills our democratic stage. Because Shakespeare was a popular dramatist writing for "the common man," the common man is allowed to make any demands at all on his theatrical servant. And this summer at Stratford, Connecticut, he demanded laughs.

The Stratford *Hamlet* was one of the funniest—and saddest—plays I have ever seen: funny because Fritz Weaver could, with a gay wag of his finger, make the whole court of Elsinore merry; sad because Hamlet, now twice dispossessed, never appeared on the scene. Poor aristocratic prince, he could not rub shoulders with the crowd as could the pretender who came in his place. Weaver, who has a beautiful voice, is unfortunately short and slim; and he has a strange, pigeon-toed stance which makes him look like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. These disadvantages were not disguised, but aggravated, by his fainting into the arms of his stronger friends and swooning away before the ghost.

This is not the stern forge in which the great soliloquies can be hammered out, in which a self-consuming fire can burn, showing itself in the tortured ironies and feverish jests that flame out when anyone tries to look inside the man. This Hamlet *escapes* into his waggish moods; and Weaver makes his deepest impression as a comedian.

A comedy can be ruined by laughter as well as a tragedy. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was almost as funny as *Hamlet*—but the lovers (and Shakespeare's finest lines) were sillier than the clowns. Theseus, who mocks Bottom, is made more bumblingly comic than he. Even the bystander, Hippolyta, is made a grimacing clown. There is no "straight

Random Notes

Two intriguing sequels: *Brave New World Revisited,* by Aldous Huxley, announced by Harper for November. . . . *How To Take A Chance,* by Darrell Huff, whose *How To Lie with Statistics* has for a number of years been the Intelligent Adult's Introduction to Statistics —to be published by Norton in February.

The Bookmailer has issued *Guide to American Books,* a unique listing of selected books, organized in twenty categories (from art and poetry and history and philosophy to sports and technical and humor); on sale for 50 cents at bookstores and newsstands, it can also be procured directly from The Bookmailer, Box 101, New York 16. . . . The John C. Winston Company announces Free Enterprise Books, a new series directed toward high school students. The first two volumes, *The Romance of Capitalism* by Donald E. Cooke and *Adventure in Big Business* by William S. Dutton, are appearing this fall.

Nostalgic note: Mary Garden at the age of 81 has signed an agreement with the National Arts Foundation of New York for a film and television series to be made of her life.

man," no background. And, in this play, the background is almost more important than the foreground. The enchanted wood rules all those who wander in it. Here Shakespeare poured out a magic mist as lavishly as he poured molten brimstone in *Hamlet.* With that lyric, preternatural elevation ignored, midsummer madness turns into the Bellevue variety of Lou Costello.

June Havoc, the only "name" brought in this season, played Titania with dignity, however, and Richard Easton made a convincing Puck. This Puck, in fact, scattered almost enough stardust in his final speech to make us see, for a moment, the enchanted wood instead of the trees.

The plays of Shakespeare's late period are difficult to judge or present, but Stratford's last presentation —*A Winter's Tale*—was its best. This, like all the final plays, is strangely detached in atmosphere, watching tears and laughter indifferently from some height Shakespeare had reached. John Colicos' melodramatic Leontes added just that touch of unreality the tragic sections demand; Hermione never quite came to life in the end —nor should she. We left wondering which parts were truly sad and which amusing. Do tears or laughter cut deeper? Or are both, and the doll queen, and all of us, such things as dreams are made on?

The effect of Shakespeare—of miraculous yet inevitable sounds, full of reverence and laughter—was not produced on me by the plays this year so much as by the Elizabethan madrigals flawlessly sung on the lawn during intermission. The performers were two little girls with incredible tonal and temporal accuracy, who pretended to be sisters and to have an earthly address. But I think they were the expelled elves of the midsummer woods sneaking back to bless our Connecticut Athens.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE DEATH OF MANOLETE, by Barnaby Conrad (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00). Barnaby Conrad knew Manolete, and clearly will never forget him; nor is anyone likely to who sees (one mostly sees it, since it is nine-tenths photographs) this book, and follows the devotional narrative of the author. In the telling of the greatest epic in modern bullfighting, Conrad blends text and picture with the skill of Malraux joining word to deed to tell the story of art. Conrad's prose reads like Spanish skillfully, but not too idiomatically, translated. It is just foreign enough, as Hemingway's is in *Death in the Afternoon,* to convey the alienness of the terrible ordeal, with its indigenous dignity and passion, of the bull and the bullfighter. The whole story, the suffering, the glory, the end, is written in Manolete's inexpressibly expressive face, which Conrad painted, with total success, in oil, and reproduces in the frontispiece.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

PAVANNES AND DIVIGATIONS, by Ezra Pound (New Directions, $4.75). A miscellany of serenades — some light, some serious—and all strummed under the balcony of Pound's first and greatest love, the Art of Poetry. Or to mix metaphors, now that *"il miglior fabbro"* has returned to Italy, and our government has had its pound of flesh, and our righteous indignation has been slaked, it will maybe become possible to see him for what he has always been: the most tirelessly loyal patriot of the Republic of Letters the world has ever had. There is only one country Pound really knows, really loves, and that is the United States of Literature. He has been its Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys all enthusiastically rolled into one man from Idaho. A man should be judged by his service to what he loves: and since 1910, no man—not even the blessed Ford Madox Ford—has served readers and writers with more zest, disinterest and integrity than Ezra Loomis Pound. Q.E.D.

R. PHELPS

THE HABIT OF LOVING, by Doris Lessing (Crowell, $4.00). One hopes the Angry Young Men's Party will think twice before expelling its lone woman member for this short story collection. Though the stories may be read as protests—against old age, exile, mothers, or locusts —still these are protests with an *end.* Characters rise to crisis only when there is something to object to, and then carry their point or sit down unmartyred and live on anyway. But angry young men would seem hasty to accuse Mrs. Lessing of selling out; after all, as Stephen Spender has just said, "Anger contains within itself the seeds of reconciliation." Better let them say she has acquired maturity now that her anger is spent.

J. L. WEIL

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To the Editor

The Clergy in Politics

Re: editorial in your September 13 issue headed, "Caution." Catholic clergymen are not alone in their indiscretion on this subject. Many Protestant church councils are also guilty of injecting the religious issue into what is purely a political controversial issue.

These church leaders undoubtedly will influence many of their followers . . . to oppose right-to-work laws. On the other hand, I feel quite certain that a substantial majority of all church people will have their confidence in the Church weakened by this action and that the ultimate result will be detrimental to the Church in general.

Massillon, Ohio A. P. RICHARDS

Diplomats vs. Specialists

In my dual capacity as a State Department ex and a faithful reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, I must quarrel amiably with Mr. James Burnham's characterization, in his excellent article entitled "Nuclear Madness," [Sept. 13] of the Department as "manned by verbalists and intellectuals, not by fighters." . . . The rank and file of the officers in the Foreign Service fight year in and out around the world, many in "fever posts" and dank and dreary exile, for the interests of the United States and its citizens, with no expectation of reward or recognition . . . and with the sole certainty that the top posts in the service will be filled by political appointees in the end, sent abroad by one political party or the other. Moreover, they are certain of one other thing, and that is that they will retire at a rate fixed by Congress in 1926. . . .

[It is true that] our State Department in the last twenty years has lost much of its character as a Foreign Office engaged in the practice of diplomacy and has become the catch-all for all sorts of activities in the propaganda and other fields which have been "written into " the Department by the scratches of several successive Presidential pens. Like Topsy it has just grown, and the art of diplomacy, a fine and respected art with its roots in the centuries, has been lost in the jungle of "specialists" of all kinds whose business, mostly, is indirect aggression.

New York City ROBERT PELL

Rejection of the Justices

It appears accepted in all circles that the Supreme Court now makes public policy. When Frankfurter asked the Arkansas lawyer whether he challenged this idea the lawyer seemed to acknowledge that the Supreme Court does make policy. It was reported that the lawyer was embarrassed by the question.

Can an official of life tenure shape policy? Is it possible in a world without despotism for a policy-shaping agency to exist not answerable to either some other agency or to the people?

In foreign lands where despotism is rejected, all policy-shaping officials not elected resign when discredited or faced with a dilemma. Aside from whether the present Court stands discredited, and aside from whether the integration rulings and the threat of mutiny in the South have placed the Court in a dilemma, is it not consistent to suppose that henceforth this new policy-shaping body, this Supreme Court, may one day resign *en banc*? L. Brent Bozell [Sept. 13] has led them into a corner which if his reasoning is accepted would call for the Court to give up its powers.

Berkeley, Cal. C. H. COLLIER

Racial Tension in the North

Mr. Bozell's temperate and well-reasoned article on integration [Sept. 13] should be widely read by all Northern critics of segregation, especially by certain newspaper editors in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago. . . .

What strikes this observer as extremely dangerous is the obvious suppression of news on racial tensions, strife, riots, muggings (and worse) which are occurring at ever-increas-

ing frequency in each of these cities. . . . If the details and extent of those problems are withheld by self-appointed censors, however well-meaning, how in the world can we be expected to solve them? . . .

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON JR.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The Right to be a Fool

Mr. Meyer, in his answer to Messrs. Hornbeck and Simonton, has placed the matter of "rights" and "duties" in their proper relationship ["To the Editor," Sept. 13].

Neither "rights" nor "duties" are manufactured. Because men have been able to make synthetic fibers, it does not follow that they can proceed to synthetic rights or synthetic duties. It is a witless avoidance of truth to assume that agglomerations of men have something like conscience except by agreement on a compromise, or mutteringly to accept what Big Brother has defined as the conscience of the day. Over three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Browne declared that morality is not ambulatory. A good many of our troubles stem from individuals who find morality to be ambulatory in its branches while rejecting the truth: the roots of moral behavior, as with natural law, are truly immutable. A man has the right to make a fool of himself. Other men have a duty to allow him so to behave so long as he, in his foolishness, does not interfere with the proper activities of his fellows.

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

A Crack in the Dyke

The differing positions taken *re* the proposed passport legislation (conferring the right to withhold passports from those whose presence abroad would, in the opinion of the government, damage the national interest) demonstrate the difficulty of maintaining a cohesive conservative defense to the constant, but varying and ingenious, assaults upon the liberty of the individual. I would have expected NATIONAL REVIEW [July 19] to oppose (vehemently, even) this proposal.

It is of the essence of the traditional personal liberties that they not be subordinated and subjected to governmental whim but only to an overriding public interest that can be spelled out according to standards thereof. It is by virtue of this principle that the "public welfare" clause of the Constitution has not been available to the social planners who thought they saw in it the basis for a whole new United States engineered from the top (and center) by its "best brains" (theirs).

Is the "national interest" any more susceptible to determination than the "public welfare"? Is either reasonably determinable and predictable from time to time? What assurance can there be that those entrusted with so determining the national interest *do* know it or *can* know it? Can it, in reality, be anything more than what "'someone" *says* it is? And if the national interest, as declared by those (or he) empowered so to determine it, is found to be such as to require detention of persons within the United States, isn't it possible (even likely) that the same national interest might well "require" that they not be permitted to move or speak freely within the United States? It is submitted that no more dangerous entering wedge, tending to a future complete breach of the dam that protects the individual from despotic government by men could be devised than the law that has been requested.

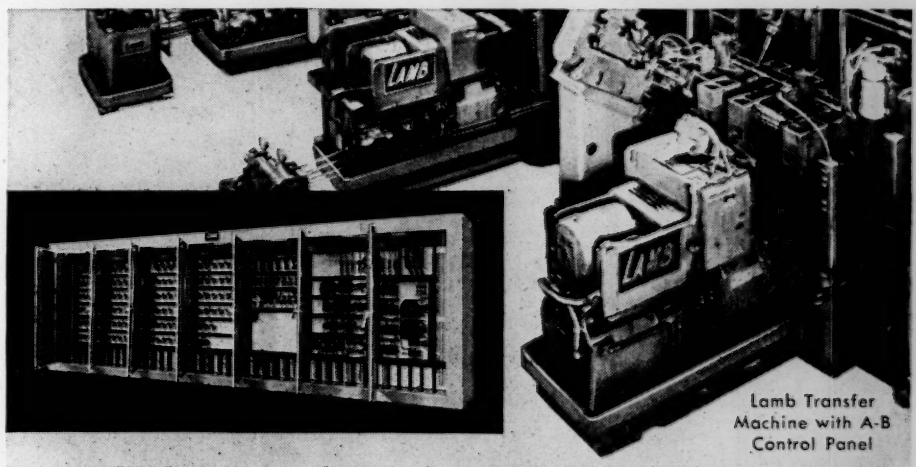
Chicago, Ill. DEAN TERRILL

Innocent at Home

Willmoore Kendall's article about the *New York Times* in your August 30 issue . . . has rendered a great disservice to a truly fine and objective newspaper.

Since I am an independent voter, I have no political axe to grind in my disagreement with Mr. Kendall. It is this very political independence which has led me to become a strong supporter of the *Times* and its editorial policy. In a time when the majority of newspapers and magazines are mere propaganda houses for either the Democrats or the Republicans, the independent editorial policy of the *Times* is both refreshing and imperative. . . .

Pelham, N.Y. CLIFFORD B. REEVES JR.



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